No. 752
Friday
12 Oct. '90

PRIVATE EYE

70p

MAJOR SAYS YES TO ERM

Before the booms, crashes and bangs, the City Programme brings you the rumblings.

If there's one thing you can be sure of in the City, it's that you can't be sure of anything.

Whether you're a mover and a shaker or a watcher and a dabbler, it makes no difference.

No deal is a 'sure thing', no crisis unavoidable. Until it actually happens.

Which is one of the main reasons the City Programme is watched avidly by up to 800,000 people per week.

(Not bad for a specialised programme that's only seen by viewers in the Thames region.)

But who, you may well ask, are these viewers?

City people trying to stay – as they might put it – 'up to speed'?

Or merely interested observers with no direct involvement in the Square Mile? The answer is both.

In the 80's the City suddenly became 'glamorous'. Privatisation created seven million first-time shareholders.

And people began to realise that not only does the City daily deal with sums of money far greater than the national budgets of most countries, but that it also wields a power far greater than many governments.

This, of course, is the stuff of the box office blockbuster and week-in week-out viewing. Enter the 'City Programme'.

Broadcast live, its content is continuously updated by reports that keep coming in while it's on air.

"Thursday is a great news day," says Terry Kelleher, the programme's creator and editor.

Every arrest in the Guinness case, it seems, happened on a Thursday and each time the City Programme's cameras were there.

And while the press were still casting the runes and consulting the tea-leaves, the City Programme was already breaking other such major stories as Sotheby's secret loans portfolio for clients' art purchases. (Including Alan Bond's £30m Van Gogh), the government's attempt to censor analysts' views on privatisation issues and the exposure of a secret dossier highly critical of Lloyd's of London's administration.

But not all our stories are headline news or major exposés.

Like any other community, the City has its own share of human interest stories too. The £80 thousand a year dealer who gave it all up to become a vicar, for example.

And the Prudential policy-holder who was informed via a faulty computer that he owed the company ninety-nine instalments each of £9,999,999.

"Ultimately," says Kelleher, "it's our job to crack the mystique that surrounds the City."

"10.30 on Thursday night isn't exactly prime time, but we've turned it into prime time."

Which explains why the likes of Murdoch, Branson, Maxwell and Hanson are all prepared to grant the City Programme interviews at short notice.

These, together with a meltdown of news stories, bulletins and international satellite link-ups, judiciously crammed into a very rapid half-hour, make for a programme that is always compelling viewing.

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And one that, on occasion, has been known to send tremors through the City.

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THE COMPLETE HEATH
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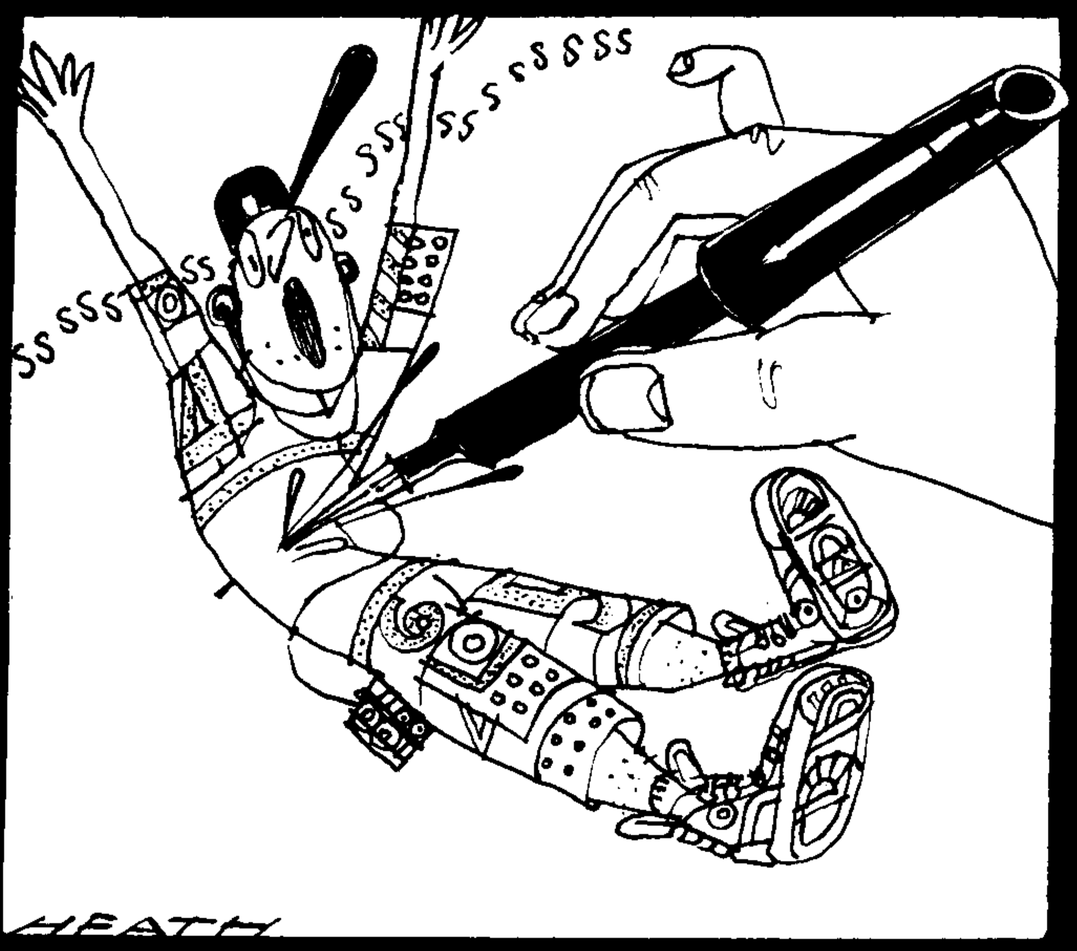
SSSS

Gnome

I AM delighted that the Government has chosen to incorporate my clause on balance into its Broadcasting Bill. This brilliant and far-sighted legislation will ensure that the media will have to balance any partial views they have with the opposite opinion.

Only in this way can the sinister left-wing lunatics who run television be thwarted in their desire to destroy the country with their Trotskyist filth.

Lord Gnome of Wyfront
Wyohwy House
London

I AM appalled that the Government has chosen to incorporate my clause on balance into its Broadcasting Bill. This reactionary and unworkable legislation will force the media into a ridiculous balance designed to suppress any Opposition view at all.

In this way the responsible broadcasters who run television will be thwarted in their desire to educate and inform the nation with programming that is not merely government propaganda.

Lord Gnome of Wyfront
Wyohwy House
London

The SUBSCRIPTION offer in the last issue is still open — you'll get an extra 3 months FREE by subscribing now. Details below — but hurry the offer closes on 19th October.

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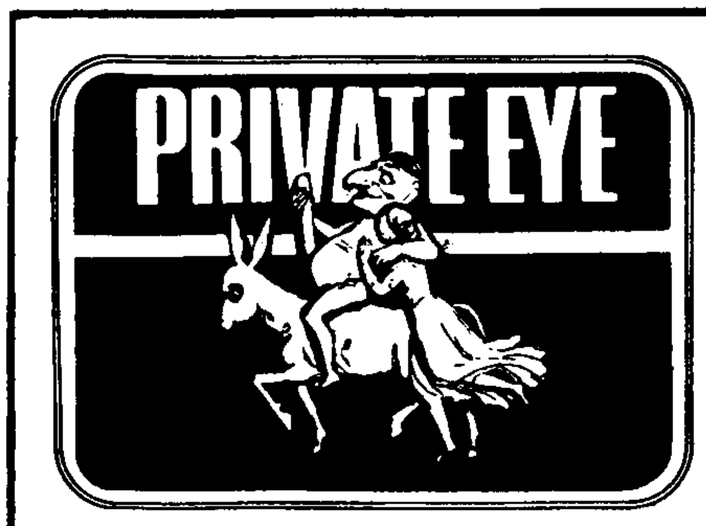


COLOUR SECTION

ANYONE WHO wants to know what the prime minister is up to could start their inquiries at the Natural History Museum where a row is brewing over the future of one of its trustees: Gerald Ronson, the convicted swindler.

Mr Ronson still has a year to run as the museum's chief fundraiser and some impertinent workers there have asked whether or not he should be sacked. Mr Ronson's was a "prime ministerial appointment" — and what the prime minister has given, only she can take away.

Mrs Thatcher is known to be very loyal to former allies, especially if they have been part of the secret society of Donors to the Conservative Party over which she presides. The veil which is tightly drawn over the activities of this society was rudely torn aside during the Guinness trial when the financier from Bain Brothers, Sir Jack Lyons, revealed (in an attempt to save his skin) that he had hosted a lunch at his luxurious Marble Arch offices on 7 January 1987.

The guest of honour was the prime minister and the invited included Gerald Ronson and 50 millionaires, all supporters of the Tory Party. Tactfully, the Guinness prosecutors did not dwell too long on the real purpose of the lunch: to advise the millionaires that 1987 was likely to be an election year and that, even if it wasn't, the time had come for a big push to raise funds to ensure the defeat of socialism.

The January lunch was a crucial stage in the PM's plans. She is both meticulous and superstitious about general elections, preferring to call them in the early summer. She makes up her mind (provisionally, of course) the previous October and fundraising follows soon after Christmas.

Ever since a Labour government insisted on companies declaring their political contributions, the Conservative Party has concentrated on other sources of funds. Companies still contribute, but this is chicken feed compared to the huge personal donations contributed by people whom government policies have helped to make multi-millionaires.

Lunches, like the one hosted by Sir Jack, are crucial. Millionaires meet Thatcher in "a personal atmosphere", talk to her, understand her problems, have a very good meal and pledge a few hundred thousand per plate. Ronson was as generous a donor as any and his generosity is unlikely to be forgotten quickly at Number 10. He is likely to remain a museum trustee at least as long as Sir Jack keeps his knighthood.

Fundraising is normally followed by an expansionist budget, a season of euphoria in the Tory press and an election in what is hoped will be a period of fine weather. The formula worked perfectly in 1983 and 1987 and it has now been set in motion again. Mrs Thatcher has rejected the advice of Kenneth Baker, her party chairman, that she should wait her full term (until June 1992) in the hope that the economy improves. She knows the chief economic problem is the huge balance of payments deficit, which cannot go on piling up for ever. At some point the Government will have to cry "crisis" and slam on the brakes. The Tories' best hope, she reckons, is a short sharp dash for freedom — hence the ERM announcement and the drop in interest rates.

The ramshackle economy might just hold, she reckons, until May or June, and when people are suddenly enriched by another fall in interest charges they will forget their shallow approval of Neil Kinnock and his Labour Party. The decks will be clear for a June election, which the Tories might win. Even if they lose, the full horror of the economic crisis will be dumped on Labour.

Fundraising in earnest will start in January. Sir Jack will probably *not* host a lunch and nor can he contribute much to the funds: he is trying to scrape £3m together to pay his fine for swindling. *Eye* scouts will be out and about the City in the new year to see just where the PM is dining.

THE RUMOURS already reported in the *Eye* of Rupert Murdoch's attempts to corral the family shareholding in News International can now be explained.

The huge debt burden the Digger has built up to launch Sky, and its continuing losses, are making his bankers uneasy. But to issue more shares to raise capital threatens to dilute his 44 percent family shareholding.

Now the much passported Murdoch is threatening to delist News International from the Australian stock exchange unless it allows non-voting shares.

Were the Aussies to call his bluff, what would a transfer from the notoriously lax antipodean accountancy standards to a more rigorous regime reveal to the already worried bankers? Only Rupert can tell.

DOES Lonrho deal in arms? This appalling idea has been suggested to the *Eye* by some odd facts.

A Swiss-based international freight forwarder and substantial profit earner for Lonrho is Kuhne & Nagel. It has offices worldwide and a branch in London at Borough High Street. Fifty per cent of Kuhne & Nagel is owned by Lonrho.

In September last year Kuhne and Nagel in London shipped 1,000 G3A3 automatic rifles to its associate company Kuhne & Nagel (Kenya) Ltd in Mombasa on the MV Norwoge.

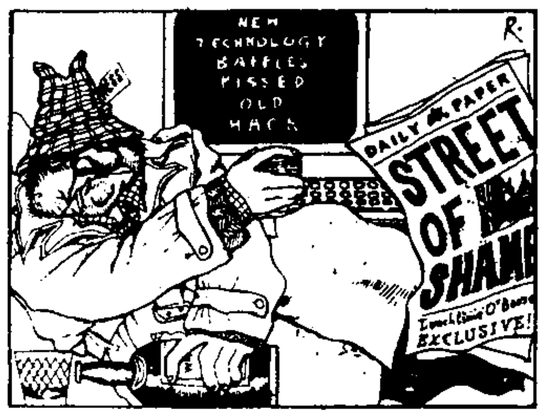
What is curious about this shipment is that it is not demonstrably consigned to the government of Kenya, but simply to the agent for K&L's associate company. What Kuhne & Nagel would want with 1,000 automatic rifles is no doubt something that the Kenyan government can discover from the shippers — or Lonrho.

STRANGE tidings from Oman, where the British SAS are training at the military base at Thumrait, about 50 miles into the desert from the southern port of Salala.

Their confidence about the battles to come have not been bolstered by the installation of a new American mobile hospital, which was flown in in parts *a fortnight or so before* the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

With the hospital came a rather grisly consignment. Half a million body bags.

"He's joined the ERM..."



WHEN THE appalling *Sunday Mirror* bought Simone Washington's boring spank-and-tell story about Tory MP Sir Anthony Meyer (he'd apparently been paying her for sex for more than 20 years), there was one interesting fact it left out.

The negotiations were carried out by the appalling sleazebag Willie Donaldson, aka Henry Root, who has been hawking the story unsuccessfully round Fleet Street for nearly a year. Indeed, when Sir Anthony made his leadership challenge last autumn, Donaldson tried to sell his tale to tawdry *Today* which, to its credit, turned him down flat.

Donaldson has also claimed that Ms Washington spanked a former Cabinet minister and Privy Counsellor who got his kicks by telephoning Buckingham Palace while he was bending over. Perhaps he will also be turned over in the *Sunday Mirror* too. Donaldson has already used him as a character in one of his more sordid and unreadable books.

REWRITING press releases can be full of hazards, as the paper of record, the *Independent on Sunday*, has found to its cost.

Canadian writer Robin Wilson was given a large chunk of the *Sindy* to ruminate on a big Orange Order parade in Belfast. Commemorating the 300th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, the march attracted thousands to what Wilson called the "volatile ghettoes of Northern Ireland". This must be the first time the plush Malone area, an upmarket version of Hampstead, has been described as a ghetto.

Hitting his stride, Wilson seized upon the presence of a group of Mohawk Indians to fill out a couple of paragraphs before encountering other "odd manifestations of international Orangism; black men from Ghana and Toga, where there are thought to be up to fifty Orange lodges..."

The "black men" had been billed in advance as the parade's highlight, with Unionist leaders lining up to acclaim their brethren. Indeed their appearance was the angle most journalists had chosen to liven up their reports. In the end only the *Sindy* carried details of their visit.

This is no bad thing, as the African loyalists weren't actually on the parade at all. Due to flight delays, the visitors failed to make it to Ireland in time for the event.

THE *Sun*'s thoughtful TV critic Garry "Gal" Bushell has made another appearance in *Mensa Magazine*, journal for the "highly intelligent" (sic).

Following his recent "Wogs Out" letter to the mag he agreed to have his handwriting analysed for the September issue.

Without being told the name, age or gender of his subject, graphologist Derek Holmes was given a sample of Gal's scribble. He was amazed. "This handwriting," he writes, "has one of the highest form standards of any scriptum I have analysed during the past 30 years and it points to a remarkably high order of intelligence — even for a Mensan. Here we have a really lively, spontaneous mind and a quick mental grasp.

"It tries to steer clear of the ruts of convention," he adds, "which, in the case of their creative talent, has probably led to some unusual and novel achievements." This is presumably a reference to Bushell's earlier career as "Gal Gonad", skinhead rock impresario.

But it isn't all good news. "This," Holmes concludes, "is someone who is interested in the world but who experiences some resistance to ordinary social relationships." In other words, Garry is so "unusual" and, er, "novel" that he hasn't got any friends. Can't think why.

IT WOULD perhaps be unwise for the *News of the Screws* to go on exposing vice indefinitely.

For on 23 September it ran a story about an East End pornographer and contact magazine publisher called Ron Dawson. The article claimed Dawson was involved in paedophile contact magazines.

Dawson certainly has dealings with soft porn publications: over the last few years he has given the *Screws* several good yarns and has been paid for them all. Chapter and verse can be supplied on request.

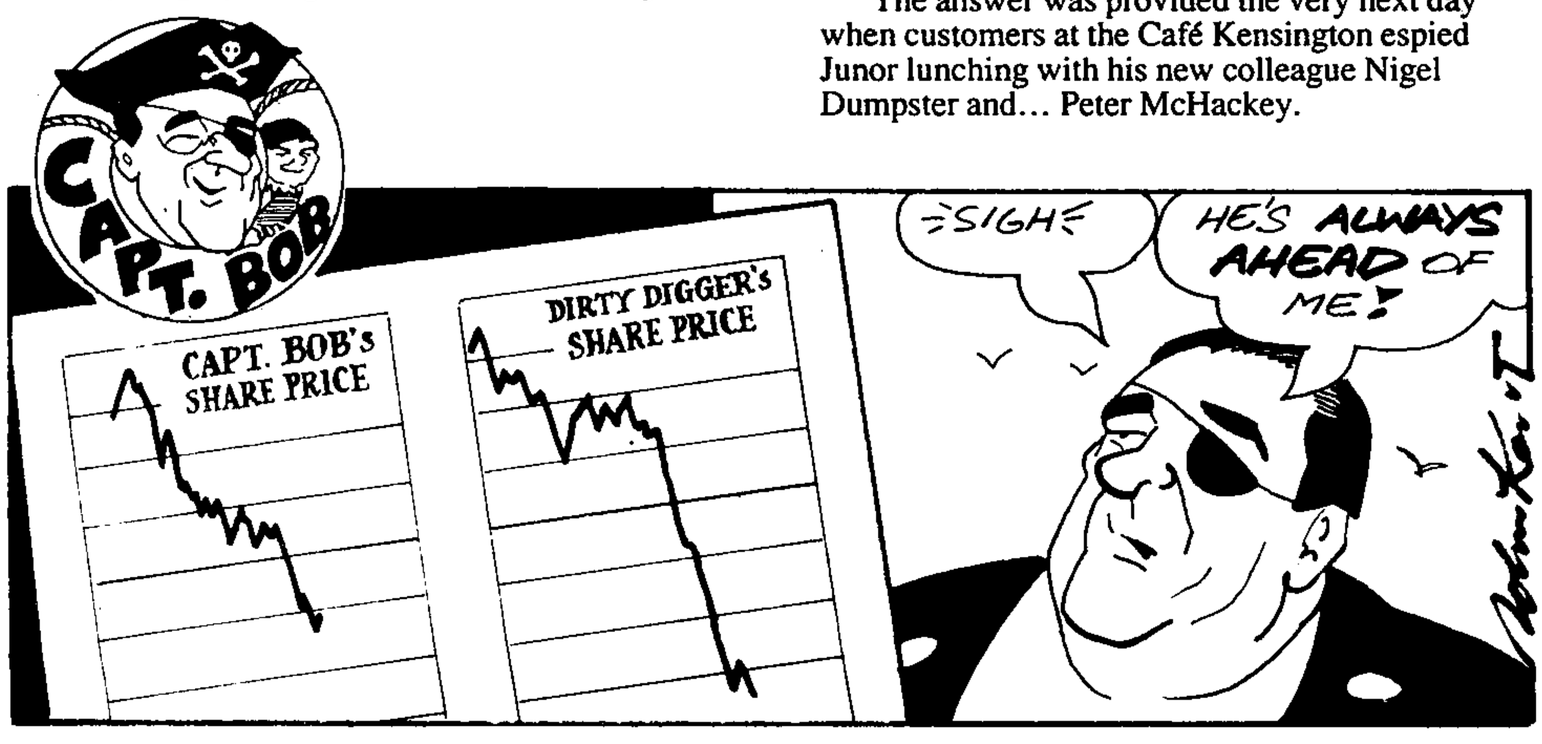
"Watch out — it's slopping-out time!"

SIR DAVID Attenborough has been busily touring the land to plug the book of his new TV series, *Trials of Life*. So hectic is his schedule that when the new pocket-sized *Sunday Despondent* wanted an interview with him, it was told it could only take place on a train between London and Bristol. "I'll meet you on the concourse at Paddington station," Attenbore told Robin Hunt, the *Corrie's* media editor.

Hunt was suddenly seized by panic. "Er, but, how will I recognise you?" he asked the great television naturalist.

REVIEWING the Junor memoirs in the *Evening Standard* last Thursday, Peter McHackey tut-tutted at Sir Jonah's betrayal of lunchtime confidences. "Will anyone have lunch with him again?" he asked dubiously.

The answer was provided the very next day when customers at the Café Kensington espied Junor lunching with his new colleague Nigel Dumpster and... Peter McHackey.



O.B.N.

A few years ago he [Prince Charles] shyly exhibited his watercolours under the fake name of Arthur G. Carrick. Art buffs even thought one of unknown "Arthur's" river scenes could fetch a million pounds — and that was without the knowledge that a royal hand wielded the brush!

News of the World Magazine

Submitted by M.G. Bignell

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

BRISTOL'S dwindling intellectual community is reeling from the recent downmarket plunge of the area's once-revered broadsheet, the *Bristol Evening Post*, following the arrival of Adrian "Frigger" Faber as editor.

Faber, renamed Frigger by *Post* hacks due to his insatiable use of his favourite f-word, takes over only a few weeks after the paper was saved from the entrepreneurial advances of Bristol-loving (*geddit?*) sleaze king David Sullivan.

On assuming the editorial chair Frigger told hapless hacks: "This paper is a load of frigging dogshit." In future out would go "arty-farty" stuff of appeal to Clifton trendies — "caring social worker types" — and news stories of more than 14 paragraphs that "strain readers' intellects".

The results were hilarious. On the morning of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait the rag led with "Cat Scratches Pet Lover, 80, To Death". A subsequent saucy piece about how undercover cops had trapped a vice girl, complete with full-colur photo of the gorgeous, pouting lovely and her ratecard, did wonders for the local "escort" industry.

But Faber's *coup-de-grace* was a topical onslaught against local satanic abuse following the discovery of devilish symbols in a Bristol warehouse. Unfortunately the demonic imagery had been inscribed not by Beelzebub but by a council-sponsored arts group that had used the building for a play.

CULT CORNER

A FASCINATING series of lectures on "esoteric philosophy, Taoism, karma and reincarnation" has recently been advertised in Brighton. What the posters fail to mention — due, no doubt, to lack of space — is that the guru behind events is none other than ex-Lord of the Universe himself, John Yarr.

John Herbert Yarr, alias Ishvara, alias The Master, alias the Tenth Incarnation of Vishnu, will be well-remembered (*Eyes passim*) as the God of Bognor Regis and former thick film processor, whose international cult *Lifeware* collapsed in 1987.

The collapse was triggered by the *Eye's* discovery that Mr Yarr, while teaching renunciation of all earthly pleasures, had been vigorously pursuing same with dozens of his female followers, after swearing each of them to secrecy and telling them they would soon become Mrs God.

Pursued by swarms of irate women and Bognor's Inspector Knacker (with allegations of child molestation), His Holiness decided, after much meditation and a trip to several building societies, to lay low for a while and spend the last £100,000 of his disciples' money.

But times are hard and God has been forced, once again, to start moving in mysterious ways. Former minders St Simon and St Denis abandoned him long ago; but he has now amassed a new group of almost a hundred followers, headed by his chief spokesman, divine messenger and door-to-door vibro-massage salesman, the appropriately named Mr A. Angel.

For the terminally gullible with £35 to spare, the Angel of the Lord comes down to the Unicorn Place, 39 Duke St, every Monday evening at 7.30 and in a metaphysical sing-song voice spouts half an inch of meaning for every 50 ft of noise. Many of Yarr's ex-neophytes may be interested to know that He will be making a visitation later this year. Watch this constantly unfolding space.

A FURIOUS row is brewing among Labour's rank and file in Birmingham over the process to select the successor as MP for Small Heath to former football referee and friend and confidant of Bryants the builders, the Rt Hon Dennis Howell.

So ramshackle is the party's grassroots organisation nowadays that the only real reason to meet at all is to decide who should get a safe seat in Parliament. Hence the unaccustomed flurry of activity in Small Heath.

Most of the worries have arisen from the right of trades unions to nominate delegates to the selection conference (the general committee of the constituency) on the basis of the numbers of trade union members who are also members of the Labour Party and who live in the constituency. A maximum of five delegates can be claimed for each branch of the union who can claim more than 400 members living in the constituency — a most unlikely state of affairs.

Some eyebrows were raised, therefore, by a letter from the General Municipal and Boilermakers Union (GMB) headquarters in Halesowen to the Small Heath Labour Party claiming five members for three different branches (196 Oldbury Tube; 305 West Bromwich Engineering; and 133 Hotel and Catering). Eyebrows went still higher when Bridget Phillips, branch secretary of the 133 Hotel and Catering branch, wrote to the Labour Party to say that her branch had not nominated any delegates to the constituency. The letter nominating the five members was sent, wrote Ms Phillips, "*without my knowledge, authority or approval and without the knowledge, authority or approval of the branch.*"

"None of the named persons are even members of my branch," she added, "and I have no reason for believing that they even work in the hotel and catering industry."

Several delegates to the selection process have also been nominated by the EETPU, the electricians' and plumbers' union, which has been kicked out of the TUC but is still in the Labour Party. Some of these nominations have been made by no less a person than the union's general secretary, Eric Hammond. Mr Azad-Khan, of 24 Mansell Road, Small Heath, was so nominated, as was a "Mr A. Zia" of 84 Floyer Road. Mr Azad-Khan wrote a puzzled letter to Mr Hammond on 17 July:

"I have got two points to say to you:

I have never applied to be a member of your union and have no wish to be a member of your union. I have never paid any contribution alleged to have expired on 31 December 1989. I hope this clarifies the situation."

Several other people, including a Mr M. Ansar of 84 Floyer Road, wrote to the union in similar terms. Yet it appears that some of them, in spite of not even being members of the union, were invited by the Labour Party to the crucial selection conference due to take place as the *Eye* was going to press.

Some doubt also surrounds the nomination of four delegates from a small branch of the small clerical union Apex. The chances of there being 300 Apex members in the constituency from that branch is (to say the least) remote. Apex is claiming a number of other delegates for branches not previously known for their devotion to political debate.

Mrs Joyce Gould, the Labour Party's director of organisation, has announced an investigation, but it does not yet seem to have come to any conclusion. The suspicion lingers that while Kinnock and his circle are quick to pounce on trade union malpractice in the Labour Party as a boost to their campaign to cut off all connections with the unions, they are less anxious to do so when the unions involved are friendly to Kinnock cause — as are the GMB, the EETPU and Apex to a rather embarrassing degree.

At any rate, Mr Anthony Rust, solicitor to some of the complainants, has had enough. In a letter on 11 September to the regional organiser at the Labour Party, he writes: "An organised attempt has been made to introduce some 17 or so delegates who were definitely bogus and some further six or seven about whom there seems at the very least to be considerable doubt."

SERIOUS problems of electoral law confront the organisers of the campaign to get Tories living abroad to vote in the next election.

Denis Thatcher, Sir Michael Spicer and others have spent much of their holidays in the South of France, the Algarve and other such places drumming up support for the party. No doubt they were fully aware of the electoral laws and avoided any cocktail parties or other beanfeasts which could be interpreted as "treating".

Treating is defined in section 114 of the 1983 Representation of the People Act as "if a person corruptly, by himself or with another person, either before, during or after an election, directly or indirectly gives or provides, or pays wholly or in part the expense of giving or providing any meat, drink, entertainment or provision to or for any person a) for the purpose of corruptly influencing that person or any other person to vote or refrain from voting; or b) on account of that person or any other person having voted or refrained from voting or being about to vote or refrain from voting."

The Tories face the problem of payment for the retired agents whom they have been sending out to foreign parts to drum up votes. The unfortunate fact is that the law demands that any expenditure for any election purpose must be paid through an approved election agent for every person who votes in a constituency.

Any payment, even of expenses to a retired agent who travelled say, to the Algarve, and got, say, 100 votes spread across 100 constituencies, would have to be scrupulously allocated to approved election agents in all 100 constituencies. A very tiresome business for Tory Central Office but one which they would have to go through because that is the law.

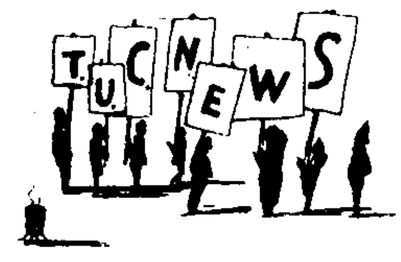
LORD WALLPAPER — known to his enemies as Lord Sanderson, chairman of the Scottish Tories — has completely failed in his prime task of papering over the cracks at Scottish central office.

He has sacked three of the closest cronies of Michael Forsyth, the man he replaced as chairman after he was "promoted" by Thatcher. And despite pledging to bring harmony and light to the Tories north of the border, his axe attack is calculated to spite Forsyth and will ensure the internecine strife within the party contributes to its complete electoral demise in Scotland.

Forsyth is fizzing that his team has been chopped and is certain to send in "Biggles" Walker, the Tayside North MP and confirmed eccentric, to sort out what he regards as the limp-wristed Wets. Forsyth is confident Maggie will promote him to Scottish secretary to replace Malcolm Rifkind after the next election, even though a recent opinion poll showed that the Tory vote would drop to 18 percent if he were to succeed Rifraff.

Forsyth's Dr Strangelove-like bunker mentality has now persuaded him that arch Tory paper *The Times* is against him and he has refused to speak to it in Scotland.

'Backbiter'



THE LAUGHTER of Arthur Scargill and his chum Alain Simon could be heard all over Paris when the NUM agreed to accept a paltry £742,000 "donation" from the International Miners' Organisation.

The donation to the NUM (President A. Scargill) from the IMO (President A. Scargill) ensures that Scargill and Simon retain the capital (£1.8 million) given by the Soviet Union and other eastern bloc countries during the 1984 coal strike.

While the "faithful" meet at a special NUM conference in Sheffield this week and will doubtless "clear" the balding one, ordinary miners and their families might perhaps consider taking independent legal advice about how to get back the money that was meant for them.

They might be wondering, for instance, where the £580,000 is that Lightman identified as belonging to the NUM. Where, for that matter, is the £166,000 interest on the £300,000 National Union of Railwaymen loan pocketed by the IMO on Scargill's instructions — money that was meant for the NUM and its members?

Inspector Knacker has discovered that Scargill was the union's unofficial treasurer during and after the coal strike. Steve Hudson, the NUM's hapless former accountant, dealt with all money that was traceable — like cheques and bankers drafts — while Scargill took possession of the cash.

TUC chiefs have kept a tactful silence during the sorry affair but it is now egg-on-face time — particularly for Jimmy Knapp (NUR), Rodney Bickerstaffe (NUPE), Ron Todd (TGWU) and Ken Cameron, general secretary and treasurer of the Fire Brigades' Union.

Scargill has humiliated the miners of the Soviet Union, Kinnochio, sumo wrestler Norman Willis and the Tripoli philanthropist Colonel Gaddafi. Because the NUM rule book was rewritten with him in mind, he now believes he is untouchable.

'Blackleg'

US NEWS

AS PRESIDENT Bush preaches, international law must be upheld and there must be no compromise with Saddam Hussein until he has given up all his ill-gotten gains.

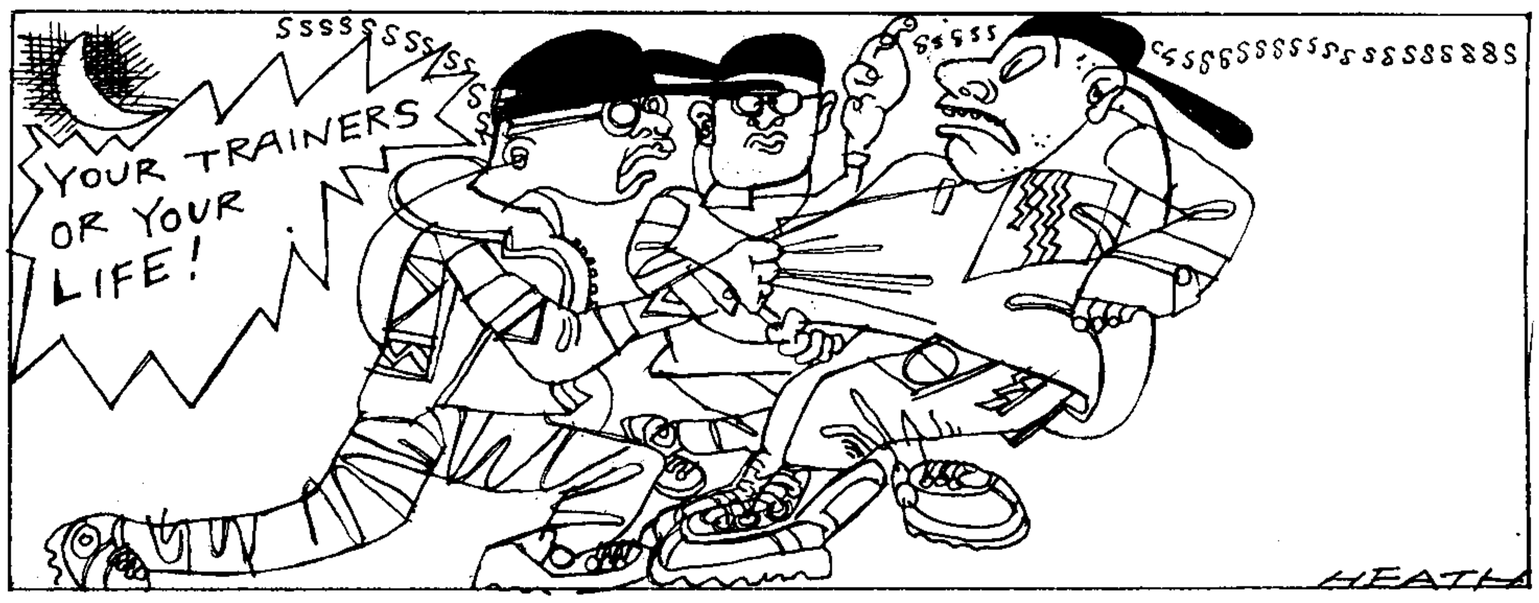
How embarrassing, therefore, that the US now seems to be threatening Nicaragua that it will not deliver its promised aid package unless the Nicaraguans abandon their legal claim to some $17 billion from the 1986 World Court Judgement.

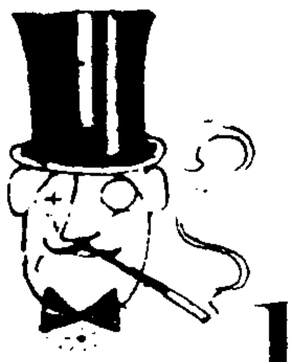
The reparations were ordered as a result of the CIA's mining of the Nicaraguan harbour at Corinto. The court took the very unAmerican position that blowing up other people's ships in peacetime is reprehensible.

In fact the Nicaraguans were always unlikely to get their money. The US still owes $521 million dues to the cash strapped UN, currently the cornerstone of UN foreign policy. Like Panama, Nicaragua is learning that US "assistance" does not guarantee aid afterwards.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





Grovel

● *MY FRIEND Sir Jonah Junor tells a strange story in his memoirs.*

He claims that Harold Wilson confided to him about Edward "Grocer" Heath, "Do you know John, he goes home to that house all alone and all he has to amuse is himself."

A strange phrase to use, you may think. Can it be that what Jonah would have preferred to use was the word "abuse" but was restrained by fear of a libel writ? I think we should be told.

AFTER ALMOST universal panning from the critics, an inquest has begun at Chatto & Windus into how the company was conned into publishing *The Beauty Myth*, Naomi Wolf's much-hyped "cultural hand grenade for the '90s" which was reviewed in the last *Eye*.

The finger of blame is being pointed at my old friend Carmen Callil, who paid £30,000 to the unknown Wolf for her incoherent burblings. La Callil, nimble as ever, has already begun to distance herself from the wreckage — nonchalantly claiming that she had little to do with the book and that she knew nothing about the ludicrous blurb ("the book which will, finally, change women's lives"). But she is also putting it about that some of the criticism of *The Beauty Myth* is motivated by "jealousy" on the part of "older feminists" for the gorgeous, pouting Wolf.

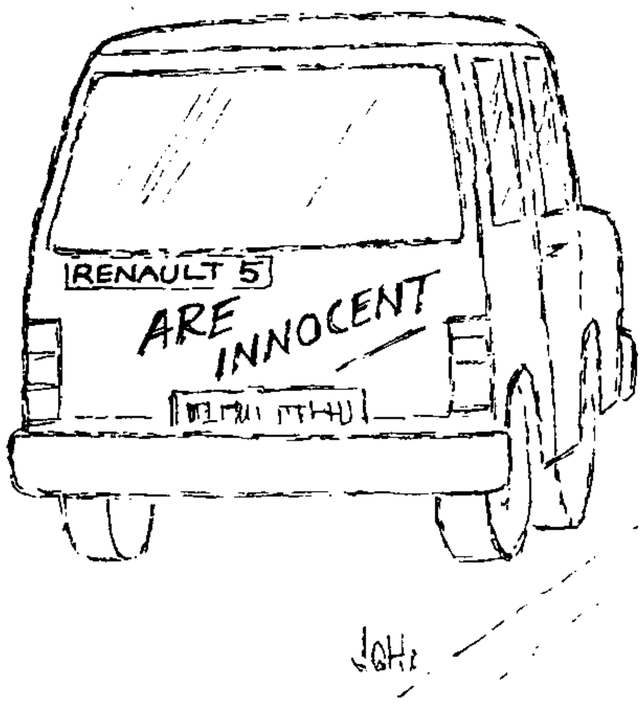
This implausible argument has now been taken up by one Zoe Heller who, in her belated review of the book in the *Indie* last Saturday, sprang to the defence of Chatto and its author. And who is Zoe Heller? Although she is now a freelance book reviewer, until last year she was employed by... Chatto & Windus!

● *NO ONE else seems to have noticed the astonishing revelation buried in the middle of an interminable article about transcendental meditation by my good friend Duncan "Dunky" Campbell in the New Stoadsperson and Society.*

According to "Dunky", when Pamella Bordes ran amok in Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's flat, slashing his clothes and furniture, it was not out of anger with Neill. No, it was because she was "in the middle of learning the advanced TM-Sidhi technique".

A fellow-member of Pamella's Maharishi-inspired meditation group is quoted as saying: "It's well-known that when people learn the TM-Sidhi technique, they can get spaced out to the extent that they don't know what they're doing... It's well-known that people have cracked up."

After she boasted to her group of having trashed Neill's flat, her TM teachers declined to allow Pamella to continue her studies.



Pseuds Corner

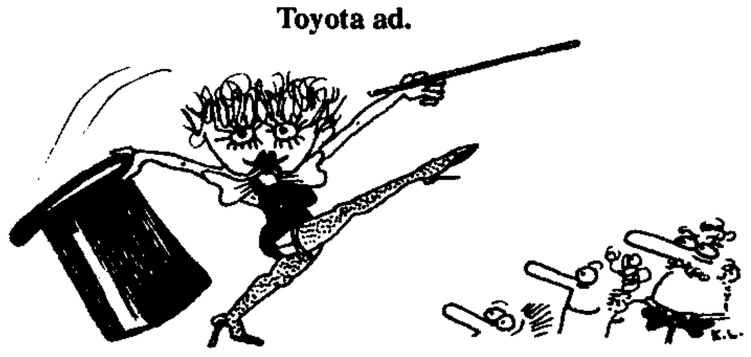
Next weekend *The Independent* newspaper will be four years old, reminding us not only how young the paper is but also how grown-up it is for its age. It is a remarkable fact that *The Independent* has already rooted itself in British cultural life as deeply as its venerable rivals, *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Guardian*.

If anybody doubts this, there is the evidence of this autumn's new novels. One of the key characters in Fay Weldon's book *Darcy's Utopia*, which has just been published, is a feature writer for *The Independent* called, rather grandly, Hugo Vansittart. And in Muriel Spark's novel *Symposium*, also just out, *The Independent Magazine* plays a small if not altogether honourable role. But here is something which I believe to be completely new — the featuring of the newspaper in a visual work of art. The painting (*The Magicians*, by P.J Crook) is on exhibition at the moment at the Portal Gallery in Mayfair.

ALEXANDER CHANCELLOR
The Independent

Three ellipses form the "T" of the new Toyota logo. One stands for the customer, another for the product, and the third for the spirit of creativity in design.

Toyota ad.



Structured much like the average rock video, Shawna Dempsey's film ("We're Talking Vulva") has a slight twist; the lead singer is a life-sized, dancing, rapping vulva. Based on a performance piece by the same name, Shawna hopes to demystify this part of our anatomy, to educate and to entertain.

Film and Television Festival, Birmingham

Early on Jade Jagger showed her mettle, her level-headedness: precociously literate, she would fill in a cheque's words and her mother would simply write the figures... In the early seventies, Mick had taken a home in Beverly Hills. Bianca, obsidian-eyed and hair sleekly veneered, slim as a stalk, was, unsurprisingly, pregnant.They named the apricot bundle Jade, for her rarity. I saw her the day after she was born. Later that night, a then presidential-hopeful drank a toast to her. "To Jade". What Jade has to offer is her past, of course, but now she has her future, which is here on the launch pad. So. To Jade. Her comet is in the ascendant.

NICKY HASLAM
Vogue

Dividing women into bimbos and viragos is a tiresome pursuit. The modern woman is as smart as she looks, can propel a conversation from the big deal to the perfect nail polish without stopping to change gear. Issues and accessories, psychology and the essential jacket; business and the best cellulite cure; politics and lipstick (and sometimes the politics of lipstick). These are not adversaries, but the energising contradictions of real life. We wouldn't dream of starting the Mirabella party without them.

LESLEY WHITE
Editor, Mirabella

CONTRIBUTORS: E. Strobes, R.G. Bradshaw, Graham Ritchie, Helga Houghton, Anon.

£10 paid for entries

TO DUBLIN for Ireland's wedding of the year — the glamorous union of Charlie Haughey's son Conor to the lovely Jaqui McClafferty. Affairs of state mean Charlie spends little time with his rugged wife Maureen, but this was a day for the whole family.

Conor's brothers Sean and Ciaran looked splendid with Sean, the anointed heir to the Haughey throne, bearing up well despite the electorate's refusal to send him to the Dail. Their sister Eimcar, the intelligent member of the clan, was also present to see Uncle Eoghan Haughey, a priest, preside over the ceremony.

I was delighted, too, to see Charlie's brother Jock at the bash as he is presently recovering from a terrible ordeal at the hands of the Gardai. He was recently removed from his car on suspicion of drunken driving and was subjected to a humiliating medical examination and sample taking.

Ludicrously it was claimed that the sample proved positive and it was only when the case came to court that truth and commonsense prevailed. The justice ruled that because the doctor who carried out the examination might not have been a bona fide doctor (despite his valid registration as a medical doctor) the case should be thrown out.

This sensible decision did much to enhance the jovial atmosphere as the republic's first family was joined by Uncle Jock.

Another mystery for Inspector Morse to solve

LAST MONTH (see *Eye* 750) we revealed that one of Colin Dexter's Inspector Morse novels included a passage remarkably similar to one in David Lodge's earlier novel *Changing Places*.

In his latest novel, *The Wench is Dead* — currently high in the bestseller lists — Morse is laid up in hospital where, in between trying to seduce the nurses and giving them silly nicknames, he reads of an unsolved centuries-old murder. With a little assistance from his sergeant, whom he gets to do the legwork, the great detective solves the crime by pure deduction without rising from his bed.

This is — right down to the long-suffering sergeant and the nurses' nicknames — precisely the plot of Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time*, first published in 1951.

TO A DINGY basement room in the House of Commons, for the launch of my old chum Denis Healey's latest book, *When Shrimps Learn to Whistle*.

Despite the promising title, the book turns out to be a dreary collection of old Fabian pamphlets and speeches in the House. Still, it has one admirer. While I am talking to Denis, a smirking young man minces over and asks him to sign a copy. "It's for a friend," trills the lad. "Could you write 'To Chris, for being so nice to me'?"

"This Chris, is he your boyfriend?" asks Denis, lasciviously smacking his chops.

"No, sir, he's my boss," the boy gurgles sheepishly.

Denis is greatly moved by his gesture. I haven't the heart to tell him that this swivel-hipped charmer is in fact the wretched James Steen of Rupert Murdoch's *Toady* newspaper, the hack who wrote the "Viscount Linley Lager Lout" story.

And who is Chris? It is none other than Steen's master, the bubonic plagiarist and sometime snuff-taker Chris "Confidential" Hutchins. I fear the whole thing has been a cruel stunt.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

"MOST people do not attend swimming pools to swim but for a water experience." Thus spake that most devoted servant of the public, the director of leisure services of the London borough of Hackney.

Such is fashion, which can have a devastating effect on public buildings. Swimming baths, indeed, are becoming an endangered species. No longer are pools considered to be places where children learn to swim and people do boring things like swimming lengths of the pool. The desire for an intense water experience requires that pools become leisure centres, with flumes and wave machines. So old-fashioned public baths are neglected and those quintessential product of the inter-war years, open-air pools, are closed.

But some pools, like Hackney Public Baths, are simply victims of municipal malice — for which the People's Republic of Hackney is justly renowned. These baths, otherwise known as Clapton Pools, were opened in 1897. Swimming pools, baths and a laundry were housed in a handsome and well-finished building designed by Harnor & Pinches: a proud product of Victorian philanthropy and social concern.

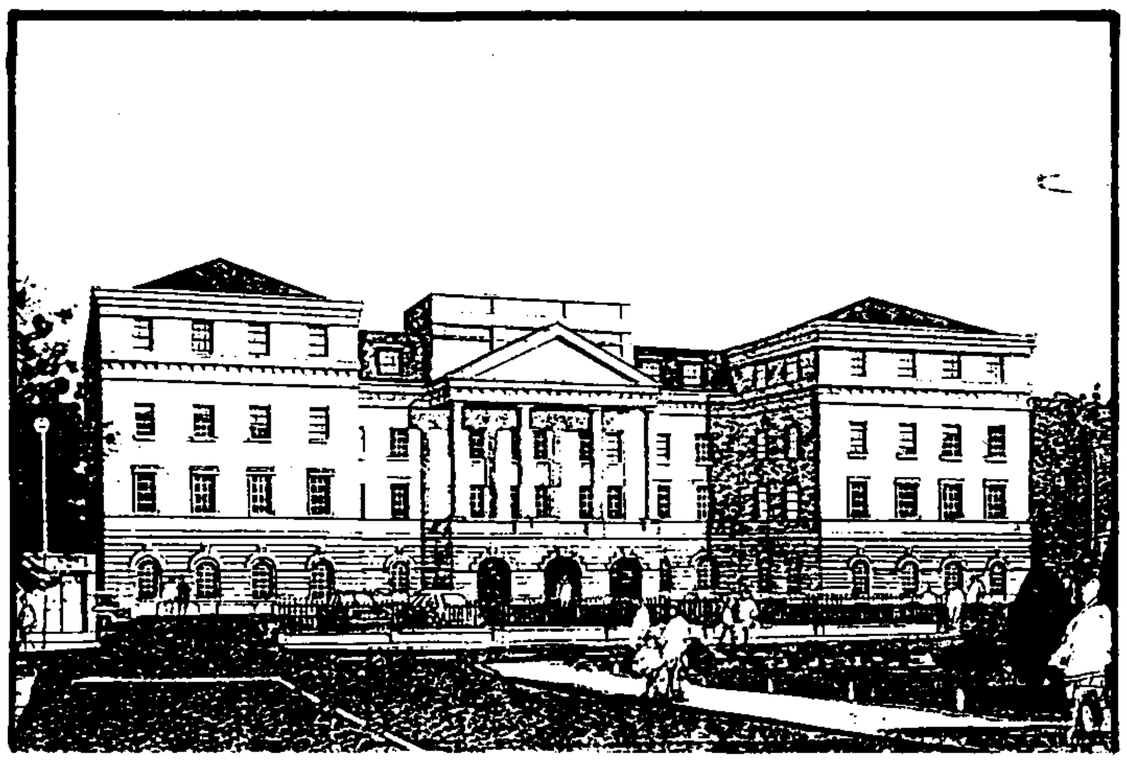
The baths were refurbished in 1937 but much of the original interiors remain. In recent years, however, the Hackney Baths — like so much else in municipal control — have been neglected although, until very recently, they have been much used. The reason for the neglect is simple: Hackney's Labour councillors seized on the baths as a useful freehold asset to be stripped to help pay for their proposed megalomaniac new civic centre. The plan to close the baths provoked public protest and petitions. So when the civic centre was shelved last March, the council announced that the baths would be refurbished instead.

But they are not to be refurbished: £1.8 million is to be spent on "theming" the baths to make them "fun", which involves the destruction of the ladies' pool with its hammerbeam roof and ornamental balconies. Residents of Clapton Square, which is a conservation area, are also thrilled to know that the back of the baths is to be enhanced with a large car park and a 35-foot-high "aquasplash" or "flume": an attractive curvaceous tubular feature of gay blue and red plastic. And all this is to be provided, not by the local authority, but by a private developer, Messrs Whitewater Leisure, who will enjoy £35,000 a year from the poll-tax payers of Hackney for seven years for providing the flume. This, of course, is such a public boon that it is worth sacrificing the conventional pool and the opportunity for children to swim lengths.

Such aquamaniac leisure centres are normally built on open sites, not in dense urban areas. They are noisy, very expensive to run and potentially dangerous unless well supervised. They are also such products of ephemeral fashion that they may well be redundant in a few years. But there are other curious aspects to Hackney council's decision to wreck rather than restore the Hackney Baths. Why were Messrs Whitewater Leisure, a firm with unimpressive experience in leisure centres, chosen in preference to a firm which proposed restoring the ladies' pool?

Meanwhile Douglas Stewart, the enthusiast for water experiences who pushed through this project, has left Hackney to join Messrs Contemporary Leisure of Leicester. His replacement, as acting director of leisure, was formerly general manager of the Croydon Water Palace, a project with a bad accident record which was running at such a loss that it has been taken over by Croydon council.

"No borough in London can produce a better record than Hackney of progress, or the art of adapting... measures for the best welfare of its people." So claimed the programme for the 1897 opening ceremony for Hackney Public Baths. When one contemplates the nauseating mixture of thuggish Stalinism and tawdry Thatcherism practised by the present eponymous London borough, this seems a very sick joke.



MY ILLUSTRATION does not show a new palace for the Prince of Wales but a commercial office block proposed by something called the M40 Partnership and designed by the Hitchman Stone Partnership of Warwick, who feel this "extends and enhances the period character of Leamington Spa".

It seems a pity that when these architects mugged up the classical orders they did not photocopy the correct profiles of cornices and entablatures. But never mind: despite the opposition of every amenity group consulted, Warwick District Council voted it through, the Conservative leader announcing that they could not afford to reject this "gift". From God, or the Greeks?

'Piloti'

ON THE SQUARE

NETWORKING is a way of life on the Isle of Man — and the apron and compass brigade surely constitutes one of the island's most thriving networks.

The successful candidate in a recent by-election said he would like freemasons in the Manx government to declare their membership of a masonic lodge along with their business interests. But he was whistling in the dark: masons, as everyone knows, are notoriously secretive — and prevalent among the leading members of all walks of life on the island.

Manx masons number around 1,800 out of an eligible male population of 15,000. Apart from the island's Provincial Grand Lodge and Provincial Grand Chapter there are 16 craft lodges, six Royal Arch chapters, three Mark Mason lodges and six other lodges which include Rose Croix and Knights Templar.

The Provincial Grand Master, the top Manx mason, is one of the island's two high court judges, Deemster Henry Callow. He was appointed PGM in 1983 when he took over from another Manx judge, Deemster Robert Eason, who had been PGM since 1972.

Another key player is Miles Walker, the island's chief minister. He is a member of Rushen Lodge and in 1987 was appointed Provincial Grand Registrar. He was also appointed treasurer of Carrick Lodge of Mark Master Masons in 1988.

Following his election as chief minister he was congratulated by Deemster Callow at a meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge, who said: "One of the advantages of being a freemason is that it enables us to have a wide circle of friends, and we are naturally pleased when one of them achieves distinction — just as if he were one of the family."

At the same meeting he congratulated Michael Shimmin, of Arthur Stanley Lodge, on his election as mayor of Douglas.

Regrettably Peter Meyer had to give up his appointment as Provincial Grand Treasurer because of pressing duties in his role as chairman of Onchan and District commissioners, a leading local authority. Willy Quick and Brian Barton, both members of the Manx government's legislative council, are also active members. So is the Manx agriculture minister, David North, who was appointed Provincial Grand Pursuivant in 1988.

Unfortunately membership among the clergy was slightly tarnished earlier this year when the Rev Colin Fleetney, of Lezayre, ran off the island with a local woman leaving his own wife and family behind. Before living on the Isle of Man he had been a Provincial Grand Chaplain for the masons of East Kent, so no doubt his destitute wife will receive support from the Manx masons and the church too.

LEGAL NEWS

SCRAWLED ON one of the many briefs he took for the National Union of Mineworkers during the 1984-85 coal strike is a message from Gavin Lightman QC to the president of the NUM, Arthur Scargill: "To Arthur — from Gavin, a friend for life".

This prediction is proving rather threadbare following Mr Lightman's report earlier this year into allegations of financial skulduggery during and after the strike. Indeed his report is published this week by Penguin and the announcement of its publication has caused some surprise at the NUM.

General Secretary Peter Heathfield wrote to Mr Lightman protesting that the report had been commissioned by the union and that Lightman had interviewed union members (and many others) on the strict understanding that he was preparing a report for the union which would then become the union's property.

Mr Lightman replied that the decision to publish was Penguin's. In further correspondence with Heathfield, Penguin agreed that of course it was its decision to publish, but insisted that the idea of publication came from Mr Lightman. It was also his idea that any royalties should go to the Miners Solidarity Fund. At no time, apparently, has the QC seen fit even to ask the NUM whether or not publication by Penguin would be appropriate.

Mr Lightman was well paid for his efforts for the miners. He received £30,000 and his assisting counsel, Elizabeth Jones, £20,000. On Lightman's advice, the union took on the services of Bruce Brodie and other solicitors at Frere Cholmeley. Its first "interim" bill was for £83,000. The full bill for the action by the NUM executive against Scargill and Heathfield for the return of the donations by Russians and East Europeans at the end of the strike is likely to be three times that.

ETV

Stay Lucky

(Yorkshire)

THE leading television thinker William G. Stewart, who in various guises has given us *Father Dear Father*, *The Price Is Right* and now the inordinately popular quiz show *Fifteen To One*, was recently quoted in the *Independent* on the subject of his fellow TV professionals:

"No-one does anything with fervour any more," he said, "they ask for approval. Instead of saying 'this is great!' they say 'please like us'. People in TV are gutless. They have sold out. An audience doesn't know what it wants; it only knows when it sees it." Quite what prompted such a passionate outburst is not entirely clear, but it seems a reasonable bet that he had recently been watching an episode of *Stay Lucky*.

Formula programming has always been a feature of popular television, but it's hard to imagine anything quite as studiedly derivative as this Yorkshire series. An example of that most debased of TV genres, the "comedy-thriller", it relies not on a well-written script, intelligent direction, stylish acting or even interesting locations, but purely on the perceived "charm" of its two leads, Dennis Waterman and Jan Francis.

Mr Waterman, in a daring career move, plays a lovable cockney scallywag, while Ms Francis shows her versatility by tacking a feeble northern accent on to her standard persona (pert, short-tempered, not that kind of girl). The first series, a three-parter shown last December, introduced the characters by means of a plot whose bizarre coincidences needn't concern us here. Nonetheless, all the necessary "comedy-thriller" ingredients were present, to whit:

- Ho-ho comedy-thriller music (usually accompanying unconvincing car chases);
- Picaresque cameos (e.g. an Italian juggler with a wig and an orange Reliant Robin);
- American gangsters saying: "Mr Milhaven will not be pleased";
- Unusual props, including Comedy Fish and a Comedy Plaster Cast;
- Someone waving a small black book and saying "Somewhere in there is a key to a small fortune."

This sad concatenation of clichés, as borrowed from infinitely superior shows like *Minder*, *Lovejoy* and Alan Plater's *Beiderbecke* series, proved so popular that Yorkshire swiftly

commissioned a second series, this time of seven episodes, the first of which aired a fortnight ago. Although slightly changed in format, the new series has not, as yet, evinced any sign of improvement.

This year the two lead characters are very much "an item", although the rigours of comedy-thriller plotlining require them to come close to breaking up every week over some trifle or other, thus allowing Ms Francis to use one of her two catchwords, "bumholes" or "dickhead".

As the coincidences fly about your ears and the ho-ho music plays, hilarious villains come into the frame and try to scare, beat up or (in the odd dramatic moment) kill one or more of the leading characters. With the help of their two wisecracking sidekicks, though, the principals usually manage to talk themselves out of it and then return to Ms Francis' barge (no comedy-thriller people ever live in normal houses) for Ovaltine and rumpy pumpy.

It's the two wisecracking sidekicks, though, who really show the series' almost pitiful desperation to be liked. Although the series is notionally set in Yorkshire, both sidekicks are imports — a middle-aged Irishman (played by Niall Toibin) and most crucially of all, a feisty young Scouse woman (played by Emma Wray). No new comedy or drama series these days is complete without at least one feisty young Scouse woman (is there an EEC quota?) and clearly the producers couldn't afford to risk leaving her out. It's worked before, so why shouldn't it work again?

Similarly, in slack periods in the plot, Waterman's penchant for cockneyisms regularly comes to the fore — leave it out, turn it in, knock it on the head, how's your father, Bob's your uncle, apples and pears. Indeed, there's nothing in *Stay Lucky* that you haven't seen somewhere before at least four million times.

Needless to say, the ratings for this series are holding up well. A third series is being developed, this time with 10 episodes...

'Couch Potato'

THEATRE NEWS

TIMES are hard for East Anglia's theatre-goers. Thanks to a chronic bout of bureaucratic incompetence and managerial inefficiency, the region's biggest city, Norwich, could be without its celebrated Theatre Royal until the end of 1991.

Last March the curtain came down on the 200-year-old theatre for renovation work. Recent productions had been extremely successful — the Royal had achieved a £2 million turnover last year and box office receipts of more than £150,000 had been taken for its last show, the *Stars of the Bolshoi*.

According to the original works' schedule the Royal was to reopen this September. Instead, all that is left of it is a partially-demolished shell and a chaotic renovation project of spiralling cost.

Work began without any kind of contractual agreement and there is still no contract. Architects' fees originally budgeted at £167,500 (about twice as much as expected) have risen to £327,000, having been costed, remarkably, on an hourly basis.

Norwich's Labour council is getting much of the blame for this fiasco. As is the wont of Labour councils, Norwich placed considerable political pressure on the theatre to adapt its programme to the town hall "arts policy". Yet while other similar cities fund their civic theatres, Norwich, which owns the freehold of the site, makes little contribution to the Royal other than to appoint the 18-person board of trustees comprising nine councillors and nine local business worthies.

I-SKY

I've got a satellite dish on my own house and I can see that reflected in the windows opposite; I don't find them ugly, I actually like satellite dishes to look at. I find television aerials much uglier.

TONY BLACKBURN
(Sky TV presenter)
The Independent

DOWN

1 Plant and animal life (5,3,5)
2 Grown without chemicals (7)
3 Foul (6)
4 Lets fall (5)
5 Sky TV receiver (9,4)

Today

● **WHO told the Beeb that watching cars racing endlessly round the same track was entertaining?**
No wonder viewers are reaching for the Sky.

Mrs B. S., Southampton, Hants

Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Patrick Townsend, P.J. Hand, S. Ball,

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

campaIn

TRADE CARPETS WAREHOUSE
NORTHAMPTON

You'll discover an **OASIS** of bargains that will be no **MIRAGE**. Don't get the **HUMP** marching around in the **HEAT** — you'll find what you want right here at prices that are a **GULF** from others. That's no **GESTE**.

Contributor: Adam Crew-Lee.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BIRMINGHAM

HARRY HOLDING, Birmingham's consumer affairs chief, has been sacked following an inquiry sparked by an article in the *Eye* four months ago.

The inquiry originally investigated allegations that a gay mafia was influencing jobs and promotion in a high profile area of council activity. The allegations were refuted by the council, which said the initial inquiry had uncovered other areas of concern and that it was these that led to Holding's dismissal.

After the sacking, neither Holding nor the council would say why he had been dismissed although Holding said he planned to appeal.

He was the assistant director of environmental services and head of consumer protection, and the decision to sack him came after seven days of deliberations by a committee of senior councillors headed by Bill Gray (see story below), who is himself being investigated by the city's external auditors over foreign travel claims.

Holding told a local paper that he was the victim of a conspiracy by fellow officers.

BILL GRAY and race relations chief Kurshid Ahmed are off on their travels again.

Three weeks ago they returned from a goodwill visit to Kashmir which cost Birmingham's poll taxpayers £2,500. The pair are already under investigation by city auditors for a previous trip to the Far East.

Undaunted the personnel committee — normally chaired by Gray — immediately approved another jaunt for him and Ahmed to Stuttgart. The same meeting also sent two other councillors and an official to Paris at a cost of £3,000.

MANCHESTER

AN UNSEEMLY row is about to erupt among Greater Manchester's money-grubbing borough councils over the rich-pickings from Manchester Airport, Ringway, thanks to a highly confidential document which has been leaked to the *Eye*.

It reveals that Manchester city council, which has a controlling stake in Ringway, has been secretly consulting Sue Grabbit & Runne in a bid to oust the county's nine other councils from the Ringway board and seize complete control!

In the document, solicitors Slaughter & May outline options for Manchester assistant chief executive Howard Bernstein — including the use of municipal terrorism. One option is that Manchester gets Ringway's chief executive to do its dirty work, "having first removed the existing chief executive from office".

While these revelations should cause apoplexy in the leaders' offices of the other nine councils and give the lovable Bernstein a rough ride over the next few months, ironically those other councils have themselves been secretly plotting behind Manchester's back to win a bigger slice of Ringway's considerable profits.

Indeed, while Manchester's top brass was in Tokyo recently to lose the city's Olympic bid, the councils served a high court writ on Manchester for a share of £6m worth of airport rent which had accrued to the city over the last five years.

Originally the councils wanted to serve the writ on the day of the Olympic announcement — 19 September — to cause Manchester as much embarrassment as possible. So much for the local Olympic spirit.

MURKEYSIDE

HOPES that Liverpool's new "progressive left" leadership would place less demands on poll taxpayers' purses than their Hattonista predecessors were dashed when the councillors' allowance figures were published.

Two leading "progressives" — Ian "Slobbergob" Scott and his paramour Dawn Booth — managed to clock up a staggering claim for £22,391.84 between them.

Scott left his wife and sprog for the dubious charms of Dawn when power on the council turned his already addled brain.

ANOTHER "odd 'un", this time on the opposing pro-Militant "broad left", is Hannah Folan, who once gave evidence against Militant to a Labour NEC inquiry but underwent a Pauline conversion around the time she was made chair of the council's estates committee.

Panorama recently pointed out that Folan okayed the notorious Finch Lane land deal against advice of the council's officers. What the programme failed to mention was the frequent sighting of von Hatton's flash motor outside of her house at around the time the deal was going down.

When Folan turned up at a meeting much more smartly dressed than usual, she was challenged about this. "I'm not responsible for where people park their cars," she replied.

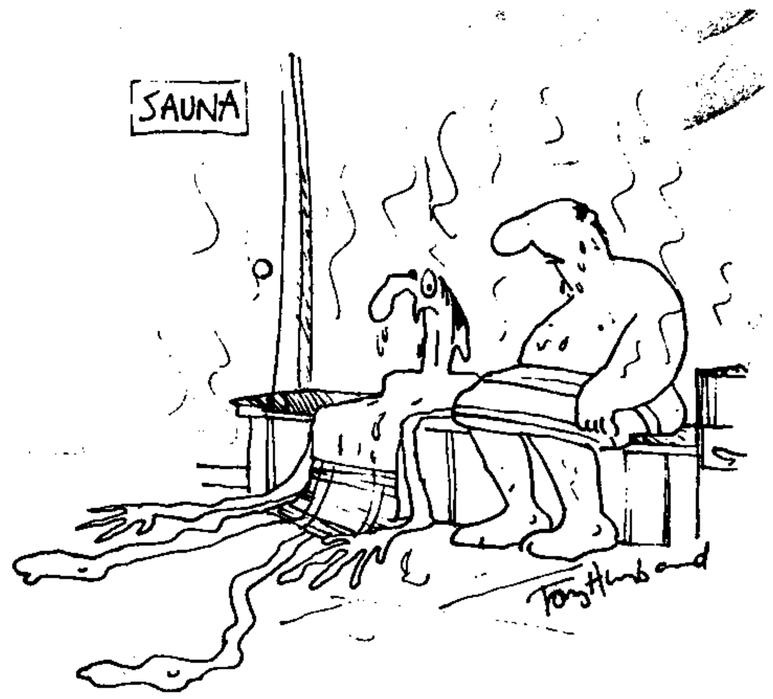
STAFFORDSHIRE

THE never-ending saga of social worker abuse in Staffordshire has taken a turn for the worse with allegations of a masonic cover-up.

In May the *Eye* revealed how children in care in the county had been subjected to bizarre torture practices under the guise of a social services-sponsored system of discipline known as "pin-down". The *Eye* later discovered that at least one former Labour councillor was helping Inspector Knacker uncover a vice ring linked with the whole sordid business.

There is a problem with this meeting of minds, though: not only Knacker, but many a councillor and County Hall director belong to one of two freemason lodges in the area.

Although the children who were subjected to pin-down have not yet recounted tales of abuse by apron-wearing worthies in rolled-up trousers, councillors are furious that their investigations are being hampered by council officers who may belong to the same secret society as those



"Listen, if it's too hot just say..."

responsible for pin-down.

Meanwhile 30 social workers, including Tony Latham, the "brains" behind pin-down, have been interviewed by Knacker for alleged assault on young people in three Staffordshire children's homes. A report is with the Crown Prosecution Service. Watch this space.

POLICE 5

THE Corley affair (*Eyes passim*) just won't lie down. Nearly a year after former Greater Manchester constable Thomas "Ged" Corley was released from a 17 year jail sentence for providing weapons to criminals, the policeman who helped nail him now faces arrest himself.

Former Inspector Peter Jackson, who left the Manchester force earlier this year after a distinguished career, could be charged with perverting the course of justice, according to sources within West Yorkshire police who are conducting a lengthy "independent" inquiry into the Corley affair.

It was Jackson who told senior officers that he wasn't happy with his own three-year inquiry into the allegations against Corley shortly after Corley's trial in May 1989. Manchester police chiefs, including Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts, failed to take his concerns seriously.

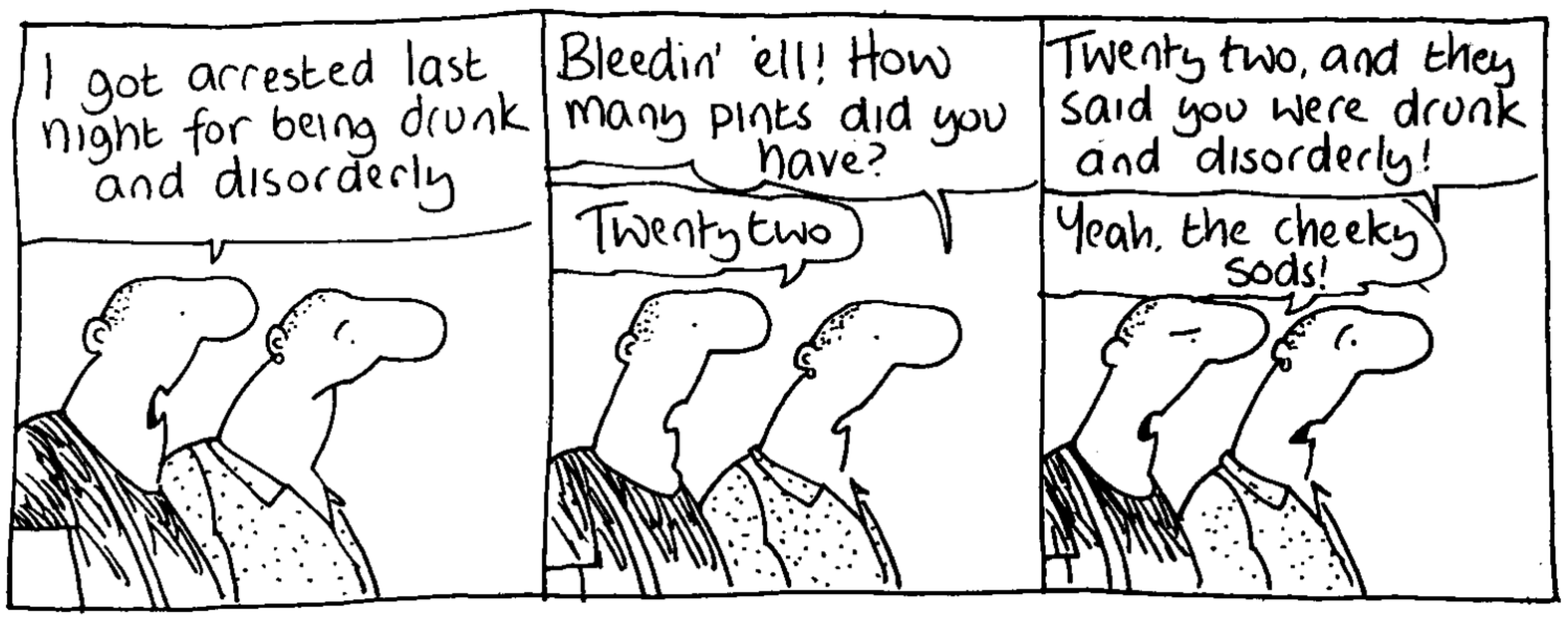
But how "independent" is the West Yorkshire inquiry — instigated after Jackson lodged a complaint as a member of the public — into GMP? Cynics point to a remarkably cosy old boys' network between the two forces.

Every time the Yorkshiremen visit Manchester they report to David Wilmot, GMP's little-known deputy chief constable, and to ACC Trevor James. Neither Wilmot nor James is a stranger to the Yorkshire team as they were both senior officers there until recently! The current Yorks' deputy Paul Whitehouse was, until recently, himself an ACC in Greater Manchester.

Despite the help Jackson gave the West Yorkshire team, he now finds himself a wanted man while a host of detectives who have been suspended are currently in the clear, including the copper who helped steal documents from the offices of Corley's lawyers.

YOBS

HUSBAND


I got arrested last night for being drunk and disorderly
Bleedin' 'ell! How many pints did you have?
Twenty two
Twenty two, and they said you were drunk and disorderly!
Yeah, the cheeky sods!

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE LAST farm minister to resign over a blunder by a civil servant was Thomas Dugdale in the 1950s following the Crichel Down Affair. Will Lord Skelmersdale, the Northern Ireland under-secretary responsible for agriculture and health, be next?

One of his civil servants has blatantly misinterpreted the legislation of the Northern Ireland milk marketing scheme, his aim being to stop dairy farmers there selling their high quality milk in England.

The whole purpose of the milk marketing schemes was to rip off consumers by maintaining an artificially high price for liquid milk. To perpetuate the scam the Government forced all dairy farmers to sell to their local milk monopoly boards, who then rigged the prices in their own interests.

The board for England and Wales has been particularly successful in propping up the price of the doorstep pinta, which is why dairy farmers across the water would dearly love to sell their milk in England and not to their own dozey monopoly board.

Now, however, a sharp-eyed outfit called Strathray Milk Marketing has found a way to do it. Thanks to some sloppy drafting in the legislation, it has discovered that it can send Ulster milk across the Irish sea so long as the producers don't sell it until it reaches England.

As a result of this loophole a container load of best Irish milk will be on its way to Tesco in Manchester next Monday. By selling it across the water the farmers will get a better price for it and Tesco customers will get some of the highest quality fresh milk in the world.

Not surprisingly the Northern Ireland board and the Thames Ditton milk mafia are hopping mad and so are their chums at the Northern Ireland Department of Agriculture.

One R.S. Johnston from the department has written to the rebel producers warning them that the law prohibits the sale of their milk in England, never mind the right of a British citizen to sell freely a wholesome food product to a willing buyer in another part of the UK.

Strathray Milk Marketing believes the sloppy legislation gives Northern Ireland farmers every right to sell their milk in England. If they are right will Lord Skelmersdale go the way of Thomas Dugdale?

BETWEEN THEM, the members of the languid sounding Country Landowners' Association own a total of 13 million acres of Britain, worth in all about £26 billion.

In return for subs from the rural rich, the Belgrave Square organisation is expected to keep up land prices by screwing yet more taxpayers' money out of Whitehall. So far it has got its hands on a fair bit of it in the form of farm subsidies.

Now the public is at last becoming wise to it, the CLA is looking for a new wheeze. And it has come up with ELMs — Environmental Land Management.

Basically this is a way of pocketing state handouts in return for looking after things like footpaths — things most English citizens always thought they had the right to for free.

And who has the CLA appointed as its new director-general, to squeeze more money out of the taxpayer? One of the top civil servants from the Ministry of Agriculture, the very department which hands out the cash.

As former under secretary heading the lands and environmental affairs group, Julian Anderson presumably knows his way around the subsidy system. Which is what makes him such a good recruit for the rural well-heeled. The job, after all, is all about taking money from some of the poorest in society and redistributing it to some of the wealthiest.

Sporting Life

DOPING has raised its ugly head in British racing once again. The Jockey Club headquarters at Portman Square have been rocked by sensational allegations that one or two leading members of the club were under the influence of a powerful sedative while supposedly carrying out important decisions.

Should we be looking for a used syringe, a tranquilliser or just a spiked claret bottle? What other explanation can account for the inept behaviour of successive members of the club's disciplinary committee who have dug themselves and the club's reputation into a massive hole over the Aliysa affair?

When Aliysa failed her post-race dope test by displaying traces of a prohibited camphor substance after finishing first past the post in the 1989 Oaks, the usual inquiry machinery was set in motion. But once Aliysa's owner, the Aga Khan, had indicated his determination first to stall the inquiry and then to challenge the whole Jockey Club procedure, the warning lights should have started flashing in Portman Square.

Old Shere Khan has yet to be defeated in any litigious enterprise in any part of the world and as Robert Sangster — a Jockey Club member who should have been consulted but wasn't — observed back in February, the Aga was just as likely to demolish the Jockey Club's case over Aliysa as he managed to do over Vayrann in 1981 and over Lashkari with the Americans in 1985/6.

That he has come up with some mad scientist who has now demonstrated that camphor can be produced from eating carrots and hay doesn't obscure the fact that everyone knew it was absurd for camphor to be on the prohibited list in the first place as it has never been the slightest bit capable of enhancing a horse's performance.

So why did the stewards commit so much of racing's money, time and credibility to this particular case? Were they got at over lunch? Did someone leave them unguarded in an unlocked room so that they could be given a massive bucket of water just before beginning their deliberations? Or is it just a case of ingrained upper class stupidity? Or of one or two diehards, still smarting over past reversals, determined to try to win an unwinnable grudge match against an old adversary, much wilier and richer than themselves?

Sooner or later a scapegoat will have to be found and the finger of death is hovering ominously over the head of the current chairman of the disciplinary committee. Will we name him? It would be cruel, but cruel we must be. Yes, it's none other than our old friend Sir Piers Bengough. But this really is one time when poor old Muffin the Mule has been dropped in the brown stuff by an erstwhile blood-brother.

The decision to "go all the way" against the Aga was originally taken by the previous disciplinary chairman, the unloved Lord "Spam" Vestey, the fox-hunting butcher from Gloucestershire. Vestey's attempts to warn off Barney Curley over the Graham Bradley affair also ended in farce when Curley successfully took the club to the high court in 1988. *Plus ça change...*

'Major Bonkers'

Sally Deedes

FOUR YOUNG women looking for a flat in Wandsworth, south London, were drawn to a property advertised in the *Evening Standard* and sent April Johnson, one of their number, to view it.

Along with four other applicants she was met by a Mr Coogan of Hones, the local estate agent acting for the owner. He asked then to fill in forms giving details such as occupations, employers' names, salaries and bank account numbers. Having viewed the flat and filled in the forms, the applicants left and waited to hear who would be selected.

Two days later Miss Johnson heard she and her friends had been chosen as suitable tenants. She asked whether she and her friends could view the flat again, primarily to see what would be needed should they move in. It was agreed that they should visit the flat the next day, Saturday, but only after paying a deposit of £185.

The four finally decided that they could not live in the flat since very little was included in the price and although the paintwork was in a poor state the lease forbade them from improving it.

They were unable to contact Mr Coogan on Monday since he was either out of the office or on another line. On Tuesday they spoke to him to say that they did not want the flat and asked for the return of the £185 deposit.

A week later a cheque arrived for £89.00 with a letter explaining that £96.00 had been spent obtaining references. Their attention was directed to the final paragraph of the original document which read: "The selected applicants will be required to pay a booking fee of £185.00 before we proceed with their application. Should any information provided prove to be inaccurate resulting in your application being rejected, a charge will be made for the work carried out by us."

Since none of the information had been inaccurate, how could these charges be justified?

I asked John Birch, vice-chairman of the Association of Residential Lettings and principal of his own firm of estate agents, if this was normal practice. "None of our association members would ever make a charge like this — unfortunately much of an estate agent's work can be abortive and you have to budget accordingly."

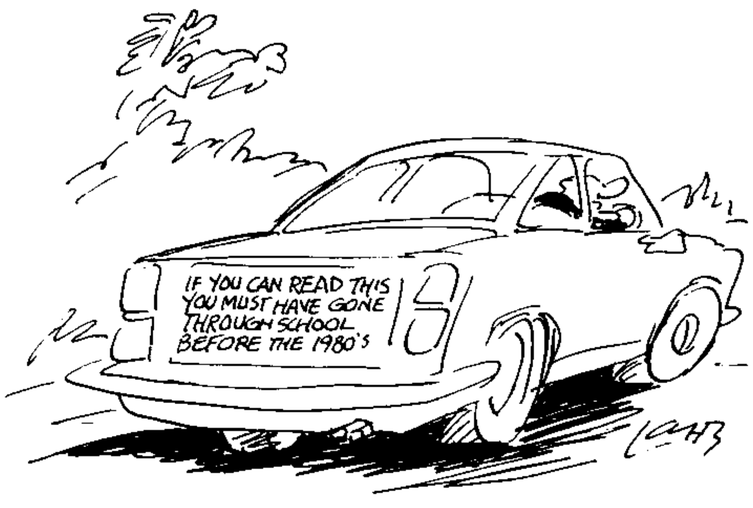
Since there are no rules or regulations regarding such matters, it is perhaps a good idea to check whether a letting agent is a member of ARL.

MORE news of Sir Jeffrey Sterling's P&O empire and the lucrative monopoly that operates in the exhibitions industry (see Eyes passim) to the benefit of, well, P&O.

The Boat Show at Earls Court (owner: P&O) is due to open on 3 January and the only firm authorised to put in the electrical installations is that of Earls Court and Olympia Services, part of the P&O group.

The prices charged are quite high enough, but they have to be paid in full by 19 October — more than 2½ months before the event and enough time to build up a tidy sum in interest. Any orders made after that date are subject to a 10 percent surcharge.

The show is heavily oversubscribed and as one exhibitor told me: "If you don't wish to rock the boat you have either to pay up or bail out."



Letters

Hoo-Rai Hamilton

Sir,

I was not amused by the inaccurate article published in your Business News section under the heading "Rai of Hope".

Whilst it is true that Mr Hamilton acted as a consultant to the MI Group Ltd, a company which itself does not carry on investment business, he was appointed only after exhaustive investigations and enquiries including several meetings with officials of a Regulator.

Mr Hamilton now has no business connection with the Group. This consultancy was only intended to be, and was, of a limited duration and did not at any time involve him in giving investment advice directly or otherwise to any of the Merchant Investors insurance policy holders or any other investors within the Group. Such advice is provided by dedicated long serving staff under the supervision of the Life Company investment committee comprising life company management, chaired by its Managing Director, and which since it was established has produced an investment track record which speaks for itself.

I would add that FIMBRA are aware of the consultancy.

In view of his limited consultancy role there was no need for Mr Hamilton to have been considered by MI for registration with IMRO. I would further add that at no time has Mr Hamilton been employed within the MI Group.

It is not just Mr Patterson who wishes to maintain a clean image with IMRO. We at the MI Group strongly support investor protection of which compliance with the regulator's rules is a fundamental part. As the Compliance Officer for the MI Investment Management Company Limited I take my responsibilities very seriously, and have laid down certain standard investment company compliance procedures to be followed. As regards Mr Patterson's resignation I understand that it was not as a result of Mr Hamilton's consultancy. I am also informed that Mr Patterson is shortly to be the subject of legal action relating to an entirely different matter.

So far as your comments on Mr Braysich are concerned you may be interested in a letter received from the Perth Stock Exchange at the time of his appointment which totally contradicts your inaccurate allegations.

In conclusion whilst I continue to applaud your worthy publication of which I have been an avid reader for many years, perhaps a telephone call to me before publication would have ensured that the article was at least accurate.

Yours faithfully,
CLIVE WARBURTON,

Director of Compliance, MI Group, Bristol.

Fate worse that De'ath

Sir,

Your articles about the dreaded Wilfred De'ath remind me of an incident many years ago. When I was living in West Hampstead with my young, attractive and perhaps rather gullible wife, the said De'ath turned up one day — having previously met us — equipped with camera and told her that he could make her a lot of money.

He got her to strip down to bra and panties and then abandoned the camera in pursuit of other interests. She was, not surprisingly, a little taken aback (so to speak).

Ever since I have wondered what became of the smooth talking sex maniac.

Yours faithfully,
ROGER DUNKLEY,

London, SW15.

Low Marx

Sir,

Have any Private Eye readers noticed the uncanny similarity between Germaine Greer's rabid tirade against Mother Theresa in The Independent (22 September) and that of Don Milligan in the June edition of the equally rabid ultra-left journal "Living Marxism"?

As Miss Greer's article is curiously similar to that of Mr Milligan in both style and content, might it in fact be in some way related? I think the public should be told.

Yours faithfully,
C. DEVITO,

London N19.

Hang it all

Sir,

Lady Denning and I are much hurt by the article in Private Eye portraying me as a "hanging judge" with an actress as "the new woman in his life".

I realise you intended to be humorous but it has defamatory implications, where did you get the idea that I was a "hanging judge" or that I had any woman in my life other than Lady Denning?

Yours faithfully,
DENNING,

Whitchurch, Hants.

Lookalike

Taylor **Stoppard**

Sir,

Could the starships Elizabeth Taylor and Dr Miriam Stoppard be not only related, but actually one and the same person, who has chosen to spread her presence about in dual guise?

The satellites, steroids and other expansive equipment required for such operations is no doubt readily available to such celebrated icons of the screen (small and large) as they. Or, if I'm correct, as she.

Yours,
BEN NEVIS,

Penetrating Viewers Assn, Channel Islands.

CAP in hand

Sir,

I should like to reassure Old Muckspreader (Eye, 27 September) that the National Consumer Council has not averted its eyes from the Common Agricultural Policy, even though continuous contemplation of it causes us much pain.

Watch this space.

Yours faithfully,
MAURICE HEALY.

Director, National Consumer Council.

Flight of fancy

Sir,

Those interested in the real reason for the PAN AM 103 disaster and subsequent cover-up might wish to refer to Carl Oglesby's book The Yankee and Cowboy War (Sheed, Andrews & McMeel, Inc 1976) which deals at some length with the crash of United Airlines flight 553 at Chicago's Midway Airport on 8 December 1972.

The crash was mysterious for several reasons, including:

1 *The temporary disappearance of both flight recorders.*

2 *Simultaneous errors which occurred in both the captain's and the co-pilot's altimeter systems.*

3 *The misdirection of flight 553 to a runway which was too short for it.*

4 *The unexplained shut-down of an electronic navigation aid, which led 553 a quarter-mile off course as it approached the runway.*

5 *The crew's apparent failure to respond to the emergency stall-warning system;*

6 *The appearance within minutes of the crash of as many as fifty FBI agents.*

Flight 553 crashed a mile and a half short of the runway, killing 43 of the 61 people on board and two people on the ground. Among the passengers who died was Dorothy Hunt, wife of Watergate conspirator and CIA veteran E. Howard Hunt. Travelling with Mrs Hunt was CBS reporter Michelle Clark. Ten days previously Hunt, who faced trial for the Watergate break-in, had threatened to release documents to the press which would "blow the White House out of the water". Mrs Hunt herself told Watergate conspirator James McCord that the documents were sufficiently damaging to ensure Nixon's impeachment.

FBI agents scoured the wreckage of flight 553 for several hours after the crash. None of them reported finding any documents. Nixon sent his condolences to Hunt. His fall from grace was temporarily postponed.

None of the above facts prove that Nixon or the FBI were involved in the crash of 553; any more than the swift arrival of CIA agents at Lockerbie, or the confirmed presence of several CIA men aboard PA 103, proves that the CIA was involved in the bombing of that plane.

For the record, however, when a really obvious intelligence agent — the Hungarian Lazlo Hadek — died in a crash at Boston's Logan Airport in 1973, leaving a trail of secret NATO documents strewn down the runway, the FBI was barely able to get one agent to the scene the same day as the wreck.

The Boston crash was obviously unexpected. Chicago and Lockerbie? Maybe not.

Yours faithfully,
"FREQUENT FLYER",

Venice, California.

Woolly thinking

Sir,

I was wondering if there was any connection between the sales of the European and the recent worsening of results for the Benetton Formula One Team, since the European added its name to the car. Are they by any chance related? If so, I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MARRISON,

York.

Hunter hunted

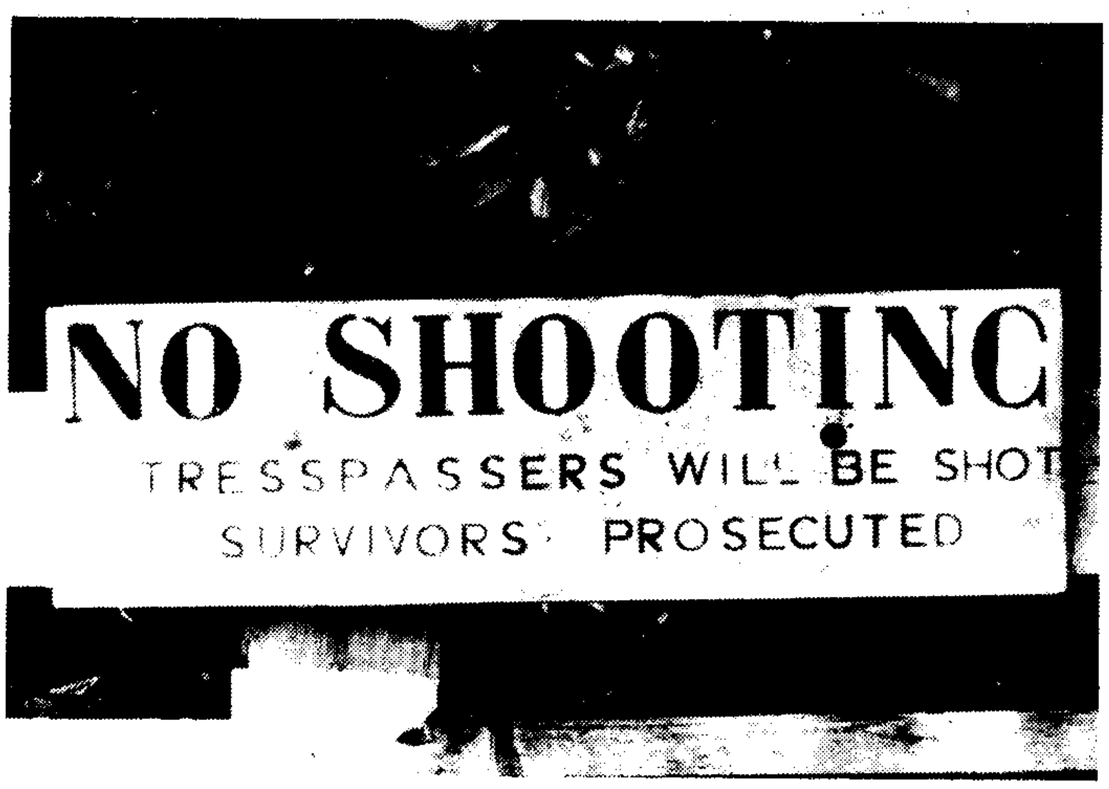
Sir,

I was shocked at the callousness of Ian Hunter's letter (Eye 750) in sincerely hoping that other innocent children find themselves hostages of a ruthless psychopath.

I sincerely hope that he (but none of his children) is in the same position one day.

Yours faithfully,
NIGEL GOLDSMITH,

Liege.



I-SPY

Lake Taupo, New Zealand

Submitted by John Leak. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Semitic semantics

Sir,

Your confused correspondent, the aptly initialled B.C. Toshner (Letters, Eye 751) accuses the aged Ingrams (amongst others) of anti-semitism because he labels Ernest Saunders as a Jew despite his baptism into and practice of Christianity. "B.C." then goes on to make it clear that being Jewish is membership of a race in which case presumably he also considers Saunders to be Jewish. By his own perverse logic "B.C." can therefore count himself as an anti-semite.

As one who is a Jew by birth but who has no religion I have no difficulty making the distinction between race (a matter of birth) and creed (a matter of conviction). Incidentally, the nasty little piece at the conclusion of "B.C.'s" letter neatly classifies him as a racist and supremacist. In the interest of community relations "B.C." should consider becoming a Trappist, albeit a Jewish one.

Yours semitically,
G. LINDEY,

London N14.

Harping on

Sir,

Surely B.C. Toshner (Letters, Eye 751) is arguing somewhat disingenuously? Ernest Saunders was born a Jew and converted to Christianity, just as Sammy Davis Jr and Elizabeth Taylor, to name but two, were converts to Judaism but were certainly not Jewish by birth.

It remains a fact of life that a large percentage of top-rank fraudsters are Jews, as any Eye reader will have noted from your "Business News" and "In the City" columns. No doubt Mr Toshner will regard this assertion as gross anti-semitism, but (as a Roman Catholic) I am perfectly aware that a very high proportion of convicted felons share my religious affiliations, by baptism, without feeling that anyone who states this is a rabid anti-Catholic. Methinks, Mr Toshner, you protest too much.

Yours faithfully,
DR D.J. TEMPERLEY,

Newcastle Upon Tyne.

Salt beef

Sir,

Some, indeed most, of my best friends and Jewish. So I hope my motive in writing this letter will be accepted as purely one of respect for historic accuracy.

B.C. Toshner's boast (Letters, Eye 751) is revealed as shallow when it is noted that the Grand Inquisitor with knobs on of the Inquisition, Torquemada, was 100 per cent Jewish.

Human nature is not as uncomplicated as racial and religious jingoists would prefer to believe.

Yours faithfully,
PETER HALSTEAD,

London NW6.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"With the Euro-Disney World soon to be built just across the Channel, British Theme Parks will just seem Mickey Mouse affairs."
NEIL WALKER, LN Radio 4
(S. Griffiths-Baker)

"And if he goes clear at this height he'll really take the competition by the scruff of the throat."
RON PICKERING, BBC2
(Rob MacNaughton)

"This guy's a legend. He goes back to the time when er... I guess, your parents were your grandparents..."
SIMON BATES, Radio 1
(John Chappell)

"And what really fills me with confidence is that the Class 91 is exceeding all its failure targets early — and is the most reliable locomotive on British Rail."
DAVID ROLLIN, InterCity
(Andrew Opie)

"You can certainly tell a lot about the mood of a car from its body language."
JAMES HUNT, BBC2
(C.J. Canham)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Johannesburg**

from Our Own Correspondent

THINGS ARE balmy, not to say barmy, in South Africa these days. "Cheers for FW in Natal townships" yells the front page of an established opposition newspaper; "SAA to fly to Kenya again, after 23 years." This follows a week which saw President de Klerk feted in Washington, the ANC apparently approve an international rugby tour next year, and Mandela rethinking his position on sanctions.

One of the effects of the decline and fall of apartheid has been its effect on language. Only the extreme parties are uninhibited about calling a spade a spade. White supremacist groups, run by the oversexed Eugene Terr' Blanche, still have no problem about telling "cheeky blacks" who's the boss. The Marxist/Leninist people — equally racist — in black consciousness parties, such as the PAC, AZAPO and BC, still relish the slogan "One boer, one bullet." But in the "new South Africa" most of us are hyper-sensitive over language.

We are forbidden, in polite society, to talk about the current violence in terms of "Xhosas and Zulus" murdering each other at the rate of about 50 a week. In fact, we are not allowed to talk about "ethnic" anything, and it is just a coincidence that one side is overwhelmingly ethnic Xhosa, the other Zulu. We are not even allowed to talk about "black-on-black" violence because this perpetrates the comfortable myth that all the killing is a plot by whites to derail negotiations.

We are not even supposed to make a distinction between "blacks" and so-called "coloureds" (those of "mixed ancestry") because this suggests that coloureds and blacks aren't "united" in the "struggle" (which of course they aren't — so-called coloured people probably fear black rule as much as whites). "Non-whites" is correctly objectionable terminology and "Africans" is politically inconvenient since the word "Afrikaner" also means "African".

Your good old-fashioned, exasperated liberal correspondent has therefore taken to referring to everyone as "pink" or "non-pink".

Pink liberals like me, who normally do what they are told by non-pink radicals, have for some years been instructed to believe that Buthelezi is an even archer-rotter than P.W. Botha. It now turns out that Xhosa ANC supporters are killing as many people as Buthelezi's Zulus.

However, the last straw came when radical, non-pink friends suggested South Africa's least popular person, Winnie Mandela, was the victim of a police plot. To make the point, they elected her to head the ANC's social welfare department. God help the needy.

"Poor old Winnie-the-Pooh!" That's the official ANC line now she faces indictment for assaulting, with a sjambok, a 14-year-old anti-apartheid activist who was later murdered by her bodyguards. "Rich, Gucci-loving Winnie" would be more accurate and "horrible old Winnie" is what virtually the whole pink *and* non-pink population thinks but dares not say.

The trouble is that Nelson really is devoted to her and his honourableness — all agree — is beyond question. Not quite beyond question is his clarity of thought. The violence in the townships, he says, is due to the failure of the government to govern. But when the government acts to control the violence he and all the others "in the struggle" start squawking about police brutality.

He also can't make up his mind about whether to meet in public with his old pal Buthelezi. He wants to, but advisers tell him he can't. There would be no problem if his luscious and lascivious daughter Zinzi had broken off her passionate affair with Buthelezi's nephew George, but she hasn't.

At the risk of being labelled a racist, I conclude that South Africa is truly enjoying a balmy "Indian" summer!

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Where am I? For security reasons we have a room at the back of the hotel and all you can see out of the window is a blank wall. I hoped to extract some sort of info from Room Service, but he was an Iraqi and spoke no English except "Have a nice day" and "I like Saddam".

Our way to the Conference Hall lies through several hundred yards of corridors, the Jimmy Ridley Old English Pub Cocktail Lounge, the Fitness Centre, which is spelt wrong, and the Gents' Cloak Room, where the elderly attendant always shouts "Good old Maggie!" above the muzak and the whooshing urinals as we go through.

Bell, it seems to me, was a bit rattled by the Kinnock-in-a-Suit Show, which he said was targeted on the A1/B1 slice of the market, and used state of the art graphics to convey a subliminal soft sell. The idea, apparently is that you look at a picture of a sexy typist rather than a sweaty Hattersley wrestling with his indigestion, and think that if you vote Labour you get what Bell calls either your leg over or a nice bit of crackling.

As a result Custardface was dragged in in his gag-writing capacity and tossed the usual silk purse to turn into a sow's ear. My own suggestion, which I proffered after I had perhaps imbibed rather too freely of the Hotel's House Drambuie in the Minibar in Margaret's suite, was "Red Rose — lot of pricks", which I thought immoderately amusing at the time, but which was received in stony silence by the Boss. Bell blew his nose, and suggested that the campaign should focus on Kinnock's anti-Saddam credentials and general inability to fight an all-out desert war against the Long John Silver of the Orient. He suggested a repeat of all the old videos about the Falklands, showing the Boss as a natural war leader, unafraid to risk life and limb so long as it wasn't hers, and capable of putting the wind up even the most battle-hardened five-star general. "Then," Bell proposed, "we show a picture of Kinnock with his hair blowing about and Glenys wearing a CND badge, and ask the viewer 'Who wears the trousers when the balloon goes up?' "

The main worry in terms of stage performance was that little Major would let the side down in the Economic Debate, with a general tale of gloom and doom delivered in the lack-lustre suburban style of that accountant chappie — Rivers? Manchu? — who used to give us lectures on Double Entry Bookkeeping at Burmah in the early days. The Boss decided that he needed beefing up, sent him to her own hairdresser, Monsieur Andreas, and even paid for him to go out to Shepherds Bush and have a shot of the electric bath. The poor little sod has also been kept in for Extra Elocution Lessons under a friend of Custardface's with a plummy voice, who I think has done a bit of amateur dramatics, called Donald Sinden.

At the end of the day, however, Bell still wasn't convinced. Major did a dry run of his speech to conference and they all gave it the thumbs-down. At this the poor little man looked close to tears and blurted out: "Of course we wouldn't be in this mess if you'd joined the ERM like Nigel always said and I agreed with him!"

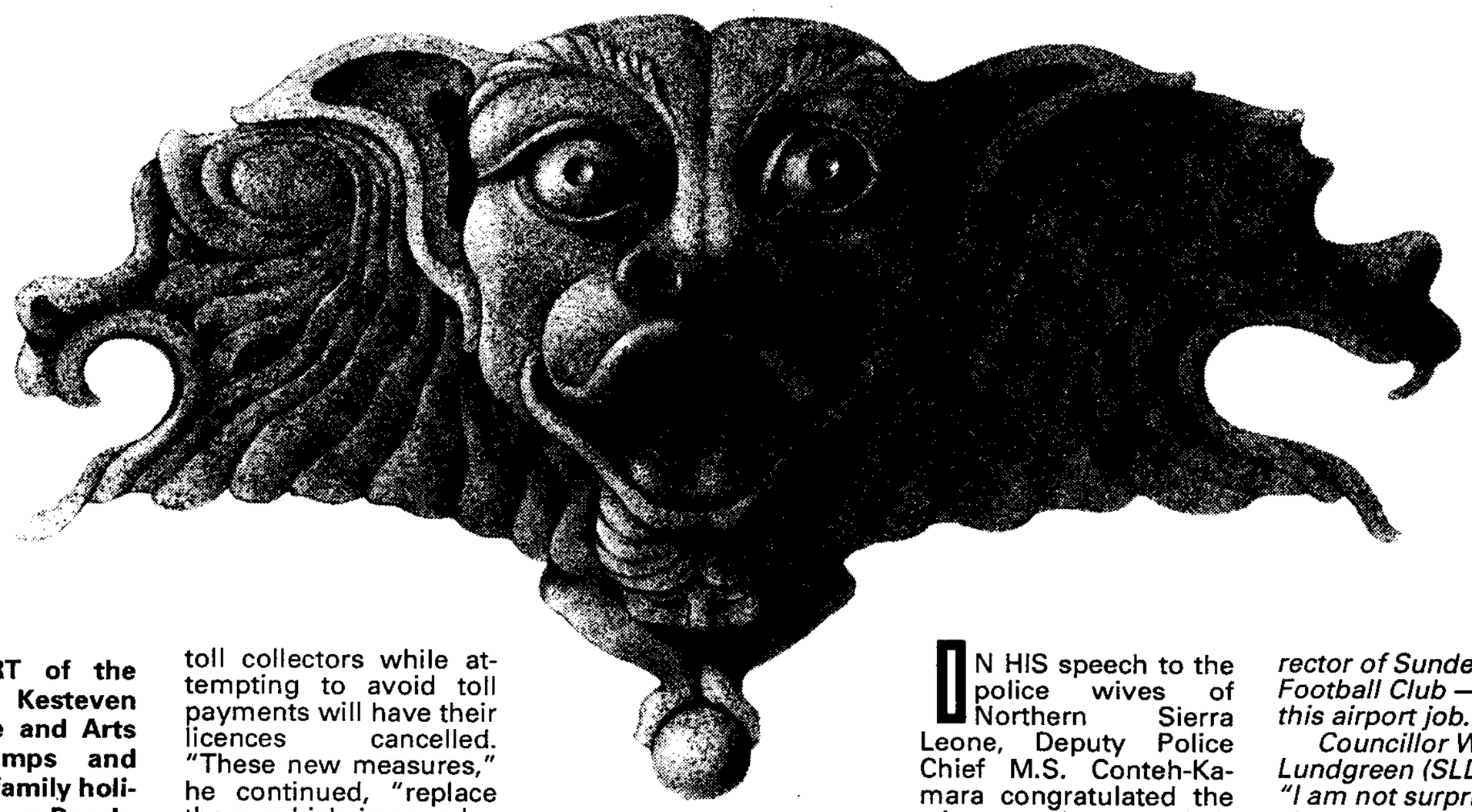
Shocked silence. The Boss said frostily: "You know my view, John. I said we would only join if the time was right — when inflation comes down." "But it won't come down unless we join, Prime Minister," the little chap insisted. Then, to everyone's amazement, the Boss just said: "Oh, all right, join it if that's what you want. I'm sick and tired of hearing about it!"

Ever since this they've all been up on Cloud Nine talking about interest rates cut to shreds, inflation down to zero, the Boss sweeps home in a snap election next June. I wouldn't get too carried away myself about all this. When I went to see Furniss at the NatWest, he advised against moving out of their Golden Egg Bumper-Interest Account as he reckons the yuppies are all going to get their fingers burned yet again and that interest rates will stay in double figures for many years to come.

By the way, Saturday is the Boss's sixty-fifth, retirement age, you might say. Don't be surprised if you don't get invited because we're only having very old deadbeats like Alec Home, Whitelaw and the over-ninety brigade to make her look more youthful.

Yours with a song at twilight,

Denis



AS PART of the North Kesteven Leisure and Arts workers' Bumps and Hollow Days family holiday plan, Alison Peach, the Community Archaeologist, included in her Medieval Summer Excursion "a public visit to the noted site at Haddington where, by studying the many bumps and hollows families will be able to interpret and discuss what lies beneath the surface.

"Meanwhile," she added, "the drama workshop group will be recreating former lifestyles with a full range of Medieval fun exercises. Later, we will visit the 1000-year-old church at Branton, whose gargoyles can still inspire the creation of hideous face masks."

MR KAO Hsi-Chun, a spokesman for the Taiwanese Transport Department has announced that motorists who kill toll collectors while attempting to avoid toll payments will have their licences cancelled. "These new measures," he continued, "replace those which imposed a three-month suspension and/or a fine of $800.00 for killing a collector."

INTERVIEWED outside her Georgian home, Mrs Newlyn Iles said: "Our congregation at Andlen is quite small so when, just as the Rural Dean was about to preach last Sunday's sermon, a crowd of about 300 visitors trooped into the church we rejoiced over the increase.

However, after a minute or two it became clear that they were not potential worshippers but members of the Spicy Adventure Club who were out on a treasure hunt and that one of their 'clues' had led them among our pews. Some of them peered into bibles, looking for more 'clues', and others settled down with their metal-detectors across their knees and handed round beer and sandwiches or simply lit up their pipes. After a while one of them stood up and asked the Dean for the date of the lectern. When the Dean said he had no idea they began to boo and shortly afterwards left us in peace."

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

IN HIS speech to the police wives of Northern Sierra Leone, Deputy Police Chief M.S. Conteh-Kamara congratulated the wives on the way their husbands' barracks had been kept up. "I cannot help noticing," Superintendent Conteh-Kamara said, "that your industry challenges police wives nationwide. If they gave their husbands a little extra leverage we would clean up the country in no time at all."

The Superintendent finished his address with the news that Paramount Chief Masingbi was about to donate twelve acres of land on which to build a new prison.

COMMENTING on the fact that Councillor John Donnelly, the head of Newcastle Airport, has entered a mental home, a council spokesman said: "John is a very busy man. In addition to his seat on the management, education, housing, and planning committees, he is a director of Sunderland Football Club — plus this airport job."

Councillor Winifred Lundgreen (SLD) said; "I am not surprised. To sign yourself into Cherry Knowle for the recess is an excellent idea."

APOLOGISING to Mr C.J. Auba's family for misrepresenting their circumstances at the time of his death, the local *Times* revealed that: "Mr Auba was not, as we reported, the last of his line, but is survived by his sister, who is deaf, and two brothers, both certified lunatics."

INFORMATION: Lincolnshire Graphic 19.7.90; China Post 2.9.90; Crewe and Nantwich Guardian 10.8.90; Freetown New Citizen 28.4.90; North East Sunday Sun 12.8.90; Kashmir Times, 14.4.90.

MONITORS: Philip Howe, William Leigh-Pemberton, Tony Best, Aidan Malderemott, A and F Spowart-Taylor.

Top lawyer calls for libel reform

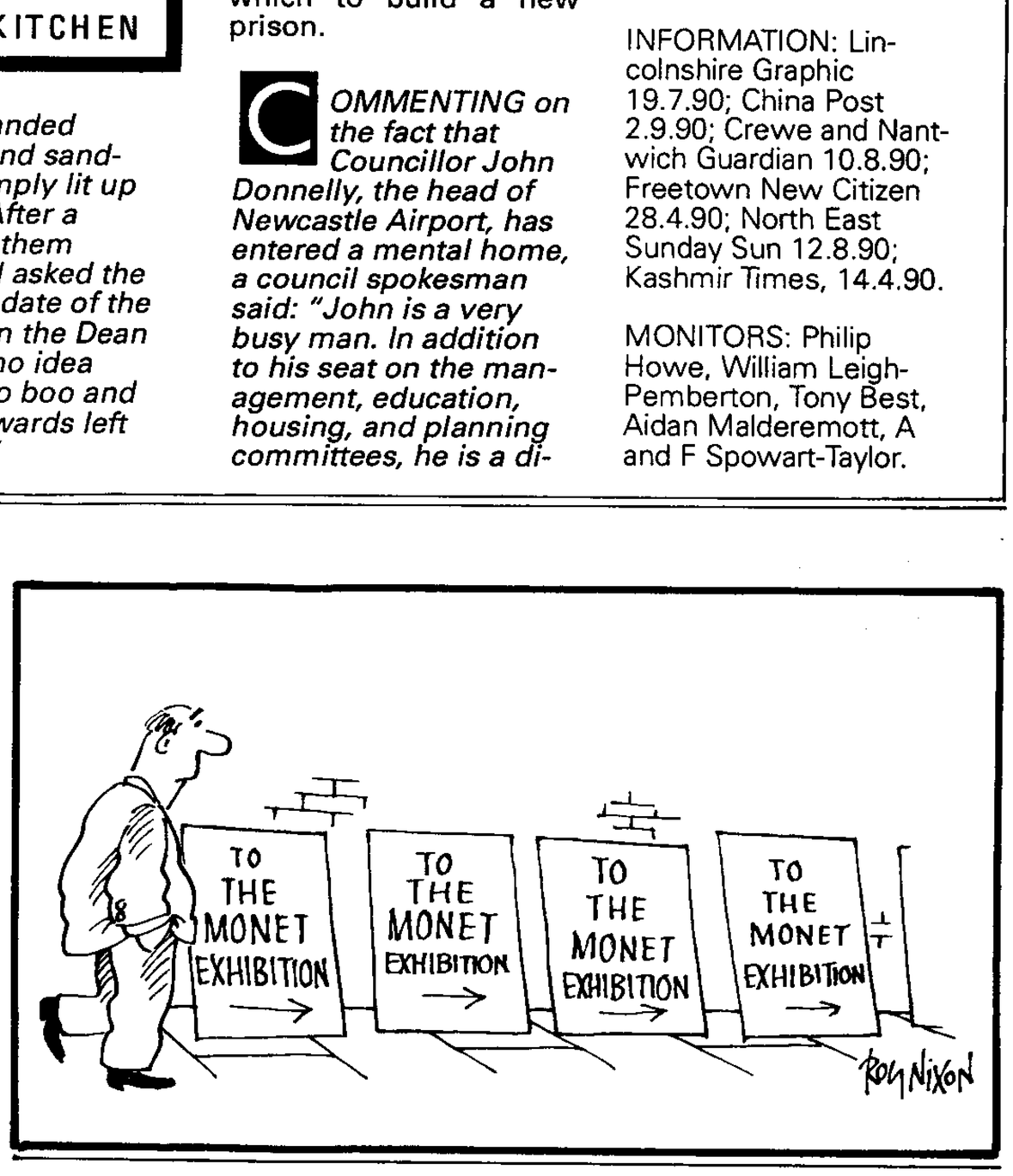
by Our Legal Staff
Lunchtime O'Fees

A senior libel silk, Sir Rampton Batman QC, today launched an astonishing attack on "the grotesque awards made by juries in libel actions which are bringing the British legal system to the verge of breakdown".

Sir Rampton cited a recent case in which a jury had awarded record damages of over £1 million against an author who was in no position to pay such a sum.

"It is quite scandalous," Sir Rampton went on, "that juries should go overboard in this ludicrous fashion.

"What it means is that senior counsel in such cases may well find themselves spending months of valuable time in court, and at the end of the day there is not a penny piece left in the kitty to pay my fees."



Breaking down into loud sobs, Sir Rampton told the jury that he had spent many sleepless nights tossing and turning on his pillow, wondering where his next million pounds was going to come from, "while that Count Tolstoy gets away scot free".

Such people, he concluded, should be strung up, for it is the only language that they understand.

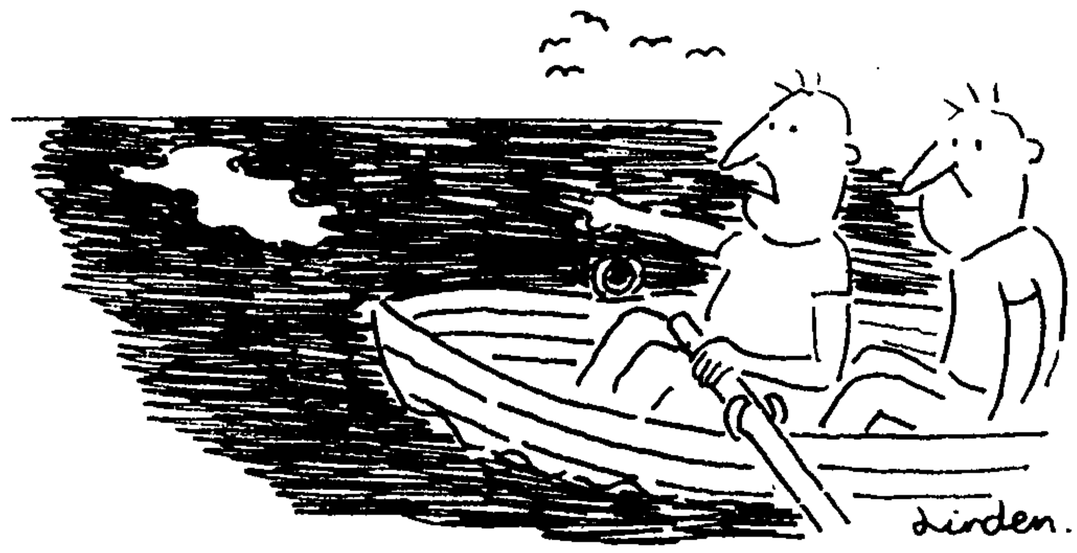
Mr Charles Gray is 53.

New from the Eye

Yes! It's Booker Prize Rhyming Slang

Judge	**Fudge**
Final decision	**Turn off television**
Melvyn Bragg	**Bit of a drag**
Five-course dinner	**Winner**
Rest of the short list	**Pissed**
Dreary flannel	**Eminent panel**
Dinner jacket	**Making a packet**
Literary novel	**Publishers grovel**
Sinclair Stevenson	**Didn't get evens on**
Salman Rushdie	**Reverend Hushdie**
William Boyd	**Very annoyed**
Susannah Clapp	**Books are all...**

(That's enough slang, Ed.)



"It looks like a water slick"

John Cole writes from Bournemouth

Hondootedly vascodagama tristandacunha cocopuffs Pre-Conference Boost For Flagging Spirits dinsdale landen goodgollymissmolly Muster John Meejor soltansofswung simon and shoster poppadom golanheights Economic Turnaround muster teezy weezy polka dot bikini domenico scarlatti Fuels Inevitable Speculation Aboot terryandjune Uluction myxamotosis sine qua non donde est los caballeros Peepering Over Cracks you can't get quicker than a quick fut futter tottenham hotspur Moster Kenneth Baker Tosk Made Easier john innes nomber one potting compost Rollying Tory Faithful leeds piano competition Put Peed To Hopes of Moicheal Heseltine chicken macnugget frenchfries shake to go vandenplas haagendaaz Four More Years read moy lops *(continued page 94)*

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE UNKNOWN UNIVERSE, THE DOOMED ESCAPE POD BROADCAST TO IT'S FOLLOWER ...
ASHDOWN HERE! I SAY TO YOU RETURN TO YOUR CONSTITUENCIES AND PREPARE FOR GOVERNMENT!
OUR GOVERNMENT?
NO YOU IDIOT, TOREEN GOVERNMENT. IT'S ANOTHER MILLENIA OF OBSCURITY FOR US.
WELL AT LEAST WE'VE CLARIFIED OUR POSITIONS ON CERTAIN ISSUES.
YES - WE CLEARLY DON'T KNOW WHAT WE THINK.
ACROSS THE STARLESS WASTES, COLONEL DAN DIRE AND HIS PLUMP PAL WERE RALLYING THE ENEMIES OF EVIL IN THE VERY SIRIUS SECTOR...
WE'VE GOT TO BE SENSIBLE, PRACTICAL AND REALISTIC.
SO, SHALL WE GIVE UP NOW?
NO, I'M SAYING I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE SILLY PROMISES.
I ALWAYS SAID HE WASN'T A PROMISING LEADER.
MEANWHILE, THE HAPLESS MAJOR JOHN BATTLED TO AVOID THE INFLATIONARY VORTEX.
THE RECESSIONOMETER SAYS THINGS ARE GOING TO GET WORSE!
WELL I'M NOT GIVING UP!
YOU SEE? IT'S RIGHT.
ANYONE WHO SAYS THERE ARE GOING TO BE REDUNDANCIES WILL BE FIRED.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY MORE DEPRESSING FIGURES.
NEITHER DO WE BUT WE'RE STUCK WITH YOU!
MORE BAD NEWS ARRIVED FOR THE EVIL-ARCHFIEND IN THE FORM OF INTERGALACTIC CRIME STATISTICS.
DISHONESTY IS ON THE INCREASE, O MAGGON.
WELL IT'S NOT MY FAULT.
SEE - EVEN SHE'S AT IT!
SOCIETY IS TO BLAME. THE ONLY SOLUTION IS INCREASED PUNISHMENT.
SO YOU'LL BE STAYING ON FOR A 4th TERM?
THE INTERGALACTICALLY RESPECTED SPACEMAN CONTINUED, ONLY TO FIND HIS THUNDER STOLEN.
YES, I AM READY FOR POWER!
AND PIGBY MIGHT FLY!
WHY'S EVERONE CHEERING AND CLAPPING?
BECAUSE HE'S STOPPED TALKING!
BLUE ALERT, COLONEL! MAJOR JOHN HAS LANDED IN THE ERM SECTOR
HOW DARE HE SPOIL OUR CONFERENCE - THAT'S TONY BENN'S JOB!

Bayeux Tapestry a fake — official

by Our Man in Normandy
Lunchtime O'Bayeux

The world-famous Bayeux Tapestry, believed to be one of the great masterpieces of 11th century embroidery, is a forgery, a leading scholar claimed last night.

A three-year examination of the tapestry by Professor Rupert J. Powersaw, of Lake Wobegon University, has revealed that several scenes feature artefacts which only came into existence long after the tapestry was allegedly hand-woven.

In one section, for instance, King Harold and his Saxon nobles are seen eating a round object covered in anchovies, olives and pepperoni sausage.

"This is quite clearly a deep-pan pizza," said Professor Powersaw, "and, as we know, the pizza did not become popular until the late 18th century, when it was invented by Signor Alberto Pizza of Pisa."

Another section of the tapestry clearly shows Duke William of Normandy sitting in bed reading a copy of *The European*.

As Professor Powersaw points out, "the *European* newspaper was not established until sometime during the 20th century."

The Professor claims that carbon dating tests have proved beyond doubt that the tapestry was woven by members of the Bayeux Women's Sewing Circle in 1925.

That Patten Green Paper in full

Preserving The Planet

No more important task confronts us all than the need to somehow get the Green vote at the next election.

Our grandchildren will never forgive us if we bequeath a planet bereft of Thazza and ruled by the evil Kinnock and his Militant Turtles.

Fossil Fuels

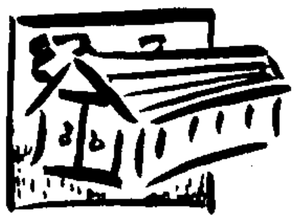
Undoubtedly this is a tricky one. We pledge that we shall keep this matter under constant review.

Noise

There is no greater environmental hazard confronting mankind than the sound of burglar alarms going off in the middle of the night. We shall look carefully at the possibility of turning them off by the year 2010.

Carbon Emissions

See above.



Barn Conversions

Now that every barn in southern England has been turned into a house, we have decided that this is a bad thing and no more of it will be allowed.

Beaches

The Government pledges itself to examine very seriously the EEC directives designed to ensure that our beaches are brought fully up to standard by the year 2005.

Britain's Rivers

We will encourage them to flow towards the sea.

Satellite Dishes

Consideration will be given to the possibility of introducing new guidelines concerning the installation of dishes in Conservation Areas.

Litter

Nothing is more unsightly than piles of litter all over this beautiful country, particularly on motorway verges. Thazza is jolly cross about it and says we've got to do something about it. That's why we are planning to introduce a new system of on-the-spot penalty points for all litter louts.

Cars and Roads

We were planning to do something about these by banning them, but Cecil Parkinson said that it would lose us the next election, so that's it. Sorry about that. Nice one, Cecil.

Chris Patten

Man In
The Eye

Our Man in the Hot Seat at the Sharp End

At first General Sir Lotbiniere de Gussett VC might seem an anachronistic figure in the age of the Flying Hedgehog missile and nerve gas warfare. But, make no mistake, "Loopy" de Lotbiniere, new GOC British Forces Middle East, is state-of-the-art military know-how in the flesh.

As "Loopy" flies out to command the 450 men of Britain's biggest overseas military deployment since World War II, he is superbly equipped for the most taxing role any British Commander has ever had to face.

The much-decorated veteran has risen to fame in secret, because of his 30 years serving in the SAS, under such conditions of security that not even his wife knew his name. In 19— *(date not to be made public until 2080)*, de Lotbiniere Gussett was involved in the hush-hush raid on — which secured the freedom of —, and incidentally won him three VCs.

It is an open secret that he has spent much of his life in the desert. "The sand is my friend," he told *Private Eye*, "and Johnny Arab is a superb fighting machine. There is no one to touch him apart from —."

Make no mistake, Saddam Hussein may well be cowering in his bunker at the news that Britain's number one troubleshooter is on his way to invade Kuwait on 18 November —.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Private Eye readers are asked not to disclose the above top-secret information to any unauthorised person.]

Great Bores Of Today.

"...I still can't believe he's not with us and the fact that he would have been fifty this week is even more incredible if you think of all the things he could have achieved he was just reaching the verge of a whole new thing I mean he was breaking every musical rule but what he had to say shone through Paul wrote all the ballads and nothing wrong with them but John was the original mind he was the tough one the rebel and that was there right from the start he was the voice of a whole generation he said in his lyrics what others didn't dare to think but having said that he could be as tender as anyone you listen to some of those tracks on *Imagine*... fifty is nothing really but he would have still been John because that is what he was and still is when you think about it you can see why the Berlin Wall had to come down and if only he could have been with us to see it it would have been amazing but legends don't really die and if John had been here for his birthday he would probably not have turned up that's the sort of guy he was and now for his millions of fans *Mull of Kintyre*..."

Celeb

LIGGER

I SHALL NOW PLAY THE SONG WHICH I BELIEVE CAUSED A TEENAGE FAN TO LEAP FROM HIS BEDROOM WINDOW TO HIS DEATH.
THE SATANIC LYRICS, REFERENCE TO RITUAL SLAUGHTER AND CHORUS "DO IT NOW DIE" DERANGED HIS MIND, WITH TRAGIC RESULTS.
YOU'RE MY LAWYER, DAVID. DON'T JUST SIT THERE. DO SOMETHING.
TAP YOUR FEET...CLICK YOUR FINGERS...AT LEAST PRETEND YOU LIKE IT.

THE DIARY WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE

Starting today — the World's Greatest Journalist reveals the Secrets of the Famous

JOHN JUNOR
The column of a lifetime

For more than 100 years Sir Jonah Junor was Britain's longest-serving editor. Controversial, waspish, outspoken, he was a legendary figure in his own lunchtime (Shurely 'lifetime'? W.D.)

The night Maggie nearly slept with the entire Cabinet

JIM PRIOR was a strange bird. We once had lunch at a leading West End restaurant. He told me an extraordinary story of an incident which had taken place a week or two earlier at Chequers.

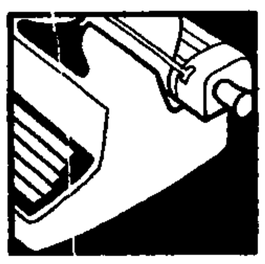
It was the night of the great hurricane which devastated much of Southern England. Margaret Thatcher, imperturbable as ever, had gone to bed at her usual hour of 3 a.m.

As the wind howled around the ancient half-timbered mansion set in four hundred acres of the rolling Buckinghamshire countryside (*Get on with it — Ed.*), a gust of wind came in through the window of her bedroom.

So violent was the gale that an old oak cabinet in the corner of the room shook visibly and nearly toppled onto the Prime Minister's four-poster bed.

"So you see," the irrepressible Jim Prior joked to me over his creme brulée, "that was the night Margaret nearly found herself sleeping with the cabinet!"

The strange tale of Edward Heath and the choirboys



TED HEATH had a reputation for being a bit of a loner. As all the world knows, he is not married.

Some say he is a bit of a cold fish. But when I once lunched with a very senior Tory cabinet minister, he told me a story which showed that our bachelor prime minister had another side to him.

During the rehearsal for the annual carol service at his home town of Broadstairs, Mr Heath had dropped his baton in front of the waiting singers.

Some of the smaller choirboys couldn't hold back their giggles. "Oh dear," joked Ted. "I'd better not do that again, or I will be given stick."

I think this charming anecdote shows what a delightful and informal person Ted can be when he lets his hair down.

The day Prince Charles told me of his secret fears

I SHALL never forget the day I was invited by Prince Charles to lunch with him at Buckingham Palace.

It was a great honour for me, a humble crofter's son from Auchtermuchty, to be asked round for a tete-à-tete with the future King of England.

I have always had the deepest admiration for this doughty young man, who is never afraid to speak his mind.

When I arrived I was greeted by a smiling footman, who said: "This way, Mr Worsthorne, the rest of your party are upstairs."

When I was shown into the Blue Drawing Room, the Prince came forward to meet me.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten who you are," he said, with an

engaging smile. "I'm always terrified of forgetting people's names, and here I am doing it."

How many young men in his position would be so candid in admitting their most secret fears in this fashion?

The day Sir Geoffrey found soup in his flies

■ MAGGIE THATCHER sometimes has the reputation of being uncaring and not concerned for the feelings of others.

Nothing could be further from the truth, as I can reveal.

One day, when I was invited to lunch at Chequers, a nervous young Wren who was serving us at table spilt a whole plate of hot soup into the lap of Maggie's neighbour, Sir Geoffrey Howe.

The Foreign Secretary woke up and looked around him in bewilderment. It was an awkward moment for all of us.

I remember Nigel Lawson and Cecil Parkinson craning forward to see how the Prime Minister would react.

But, instead of screaming abuse at the poor girl for her ineptitude, she called at once: "Don't worry, my dear, it's not the first time that Geoffrey's been in the soup!"

At once the tension was broken and we all had a good laugh.

TOMORROW: Sir Jonah continues his astonishing revelations about famous people he has lunched with.

■ Willie Whitelaw and the Exploding Sausage ■ The Night Sir Alec Lost his False Teeth ■ I Reveal to the World the Secret of the Duke of Windsor's Wig.

IN THE COURTS

Before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot

Plodder v. The BBC

The court heard today how a Kidderminster housewife, Mrs Mary Blackout, appeared on 23 June 1983 on Radio Malvern's popular early morning programme *Wake Up Worcestershire!*, answering questions by the well-known psychopath Dr Anthony Clairvoyant in the programme's "Things I Wish I'd Known When I Was 58" slot. The court heard how, in answer to the question "How many times a week do you and your husband make love?", Mrs Blackout launched into an astonishing attack on the well-known BBC playwright Mr Dennis Plodder.

SIR RAMPTON BAMPTON QC *(for Mr Plodder)*: We are here today to consider one of the vilest libels it has ever been my unfortunate duty to make money out of. Mrs Blackout alleged that my client, Mr Plodder, is a whingeing playwright of unusually repulsive appearance who suffers from obsessional fantasies about nurses peeling off their clothes and standing in suspender-belts beside his hospital bed. It would be hard to imagine a more damagingly truthful observation.

COCKLECARROT: Are we to see pictures of these scenes? It would certainly assist the jury in their task.

SIR RAMPTON: My Lord, we now come to the sting of the libel — the allegation by Mrs Blackout that my client's lack of talent and hideous appearance are due to a traumatic experience in his early youth when, it is alleged, he witnessed his mother, Mrs Laetitia Plodder, a woman of unimpeachable moral virtue, engaged in a bus shelter in an act of gross indecency with the late Mr Aristotle Onassis.

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE QC *(for Mrs Blackout)*: My Lord, we do not seek in any way to justify the allegation of impropriety between Mrs Plodder and the shipping tycoon my learned friend has referred to. I would only say in mitigation that my client, Mrs Mary Blackout, is an elderly lady who has given up her life to watching filth on the television, and on this occasion we have to concede that, as a result of her ceaseless campaign for higher moral standards, she underwent what doctors describe as "a momentary whitehouse", during which time her mind became a complete blank. Picture if you will, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, a frail, white-haired old lady travelling alone on a British Rail train — who knows what fears may have teemed through her brain as the 8.17 from Rugeley to Buxton passed through the Prescott Tunnel? The mugger under the seat, the band of football hooligans lurking in the corridor with their lager tins and vile language... Was it any wonder that when my client arrived at the Pebble Dash studios of Radio Malvern Water, she was in a state of advanced nervous collapse? Furthermore, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my client will testify how, as she was being led away to make-up, a gigantic negress dressed only in leopard-skin accessories, pressed into her hand a plastic beaker full of bitter-tasting Orange Quosh. Who knows, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what might have been placed in that drink on the fateful day in question?

MR JUSTICE COCKLE-CARROT: Could you, pray, enlighten us, Sir Hartley, as to your drift?

SIR HARTLEY: My Lord, it is not for me to speculate on the nature of the mind-expanding substance which might or might not have been inserted into my client's beaker of Frutola that morning. I would merely ask Your Lordship whether the words "magic mushroom" have any meaning for you?

MR JUSTICE COCKLE-CARROT: I have no doubt, Sir Hartley, you will be telling us that it is the nom de plume of some popular singing group.

(Laughter)

BATMAN: My Lord, I object. I understood that we were only coming to court this morning to pick up the money. Instead we have been forced to listen to a farrago of innuendo, speculation and insinuation unparalleled, I submit, since the case which Your Lordship may recall, involving Count Tallstory and the 600,000 unfortunate Cossack gentlemen who ended up in Lord Allalongtimeago's herbaceous border.

COCKLECARROT: Sir Rampton, I am deeply obliged to you. The case is adjourned.

£ £ £

"The designer stubble is getting a little out of hand, Rasputin"

Daily Mail

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1990

25p

MONEY MAIL
Pages 23-30

ERM WE GO!

*GLENDA LEE-SLAGG talks to the bravest woman in Britain, **MRS JOHN MAJOR** — her hopes her fears, her enormous fee. (Surely 'dog'? Ed.)*

"It's not easy being married to the most brilliant man in the universe," says Dee Major, the shy retiring wife of the man who, in a single bold stroke, has transformed Britain from a shambling Banana Republic to a dynamic, thrusting World Economy on a par with Mongolia, Albania and Kuwait.

What is she like, this deceptively frail woman whose husband goes out in the morning and comes back at night, often on the same day?

She looks younger than her age and older than she looks, this shy, wry, spry, crisp 'n' dry friend of Stephen Fry. *(Get on with it, Ed.)*

It came as no surprise when she said to me: "Would you like a cup of coffee?" That is the kind of woman she is.

"I learnt how to make coffee from John. He makes the most brilliant coffee ever. He's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Have you thought about voting Conservative?"

(Continued Page 94)

By Our Political Staff

U. TURN

IN A huge triumph for Mrs Thatcher, the Government decided last night to enter the European Exchange Rate Mechanism on Monday, which, some political commentators have noted, is the first day of the Tory Party Conference in Blackpool.

The Lady Is For Turning

In what was seen as her most brilliant and astute move since defeating inflation, Mrs Thatcher has stunned the opposition and routed her critics.

As she announced to cheering newsmen from a specially erected lectern in the middle of Downing Street:

"I have always made it clear that we would only join ERM when conditions were right."

Those conditions, she went on, were as follows:

- **Labour 14 per cent ahead in opinion polls.**
- **Government 14 per cent behind in opinion polls.**
- **Inflation soaring.**
- **Interest rates ditto.**
- **Industry up spout.**
- **Recession deepening daily.**
- **No ideas for Tory Conference.**
- **Erm...**
- **That's it.**

Mrs Thatcher concluded: "Britain is now on the road to recovery and well able to take its place in the new Europe that I have always advocated."

Mr Tim Bell is 63.

What it will mean

- **Experts predict mortgages will be 5 per cent by Christmas.**
- **Inflation will be down to 2 per cent by Easter.**
- **High Street *Boom* as cash tills ring in the ERM bonanza.**
- **Foreign travel soars as package tour prices are slashed. Millions of cash-rich Britons bask in the Bulgarian Mediterranean-style sunshine.**
- **Petrol slumps to 2p a gallon thanks to a strong pound.**
- **Tax cuts in 1991 of up to 20p in the pound as Treasury tries give away the billions of pounds it now has thanks to Mrs Thatcher's brilliance.**
- **An estimated one in three adults in Britain will be millionaires by next week after John Major hits the economic jackpot.**
- **Tories soar to 25 per cent behind Labour as no one is conned by Thatcher's pathetic attempt to win election.**

(Shurely several mistakes? Sir David Fester)

INSIDE: Shares soar 2, Champagne pops in City celebration 3, Sterling rockets 4, Home-buyers dance in street 5, Why oh why is Mrs Thatcher so marvellous? asks Paul Johnson 6, Unfunny cartoon by JAK Delors 7

HEIR OF SORROWS WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE

The question to which every parent in Britain is demanding an answer —

Are there Satanic rites in Neasden?

by Our Social Services Staff
Sir Cleveland Jaws

Tonight, in a special two- hour- long Channel Four documentary, astonishing claims will be made that the London suburb of Neasden has become a seething cauldron of black magic, Satanic rituals and child abuse involving thousands of victims.

The documentary has been compiled by child rights campaigner Ms Bea-Ann Lezz, whose books *The Martyrdom of Marietta* and *The Hounding of Higgs* were published last year by the Virago Press.

In her film, *The Neasden Nightmare*, Lezz shows for the first time explicit reconstructions of the kind of Satanic orgies involving small children and pets which in recent months have led local social workers to take more than 800 Neasden children into care.

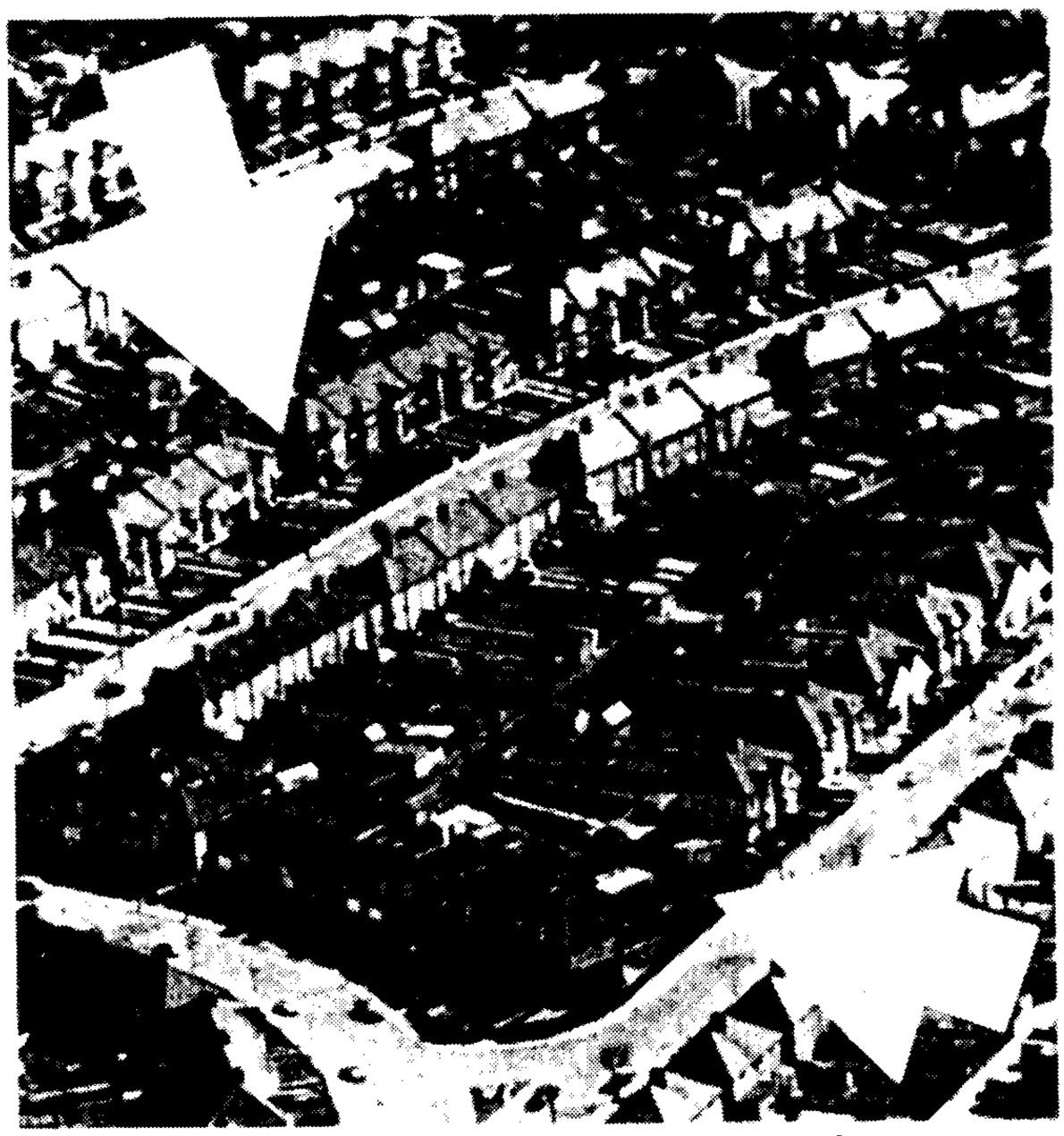
The film reveals the existence of a huge network of underground tunnels, joining the various housing estates in Neasden where it is believed the orgies and massacres involving toddlers have taken place.

In one disturbing sequence, the film shows a tunnel running from the Winnie Mandela Estate directly to Cohen Point, a grim 27-storey relic of the 'Sixties.

Here bones have been discovered, indicating human sacrifice, which it is believed was accompanied by terrifying scenes of mass gerbil abuse of the type not seen in Europe since the Middle Ages.

Some local residents, too terrified to speak openly, are seen in silhouette blaming the outbreak of Satanic cults in Neasden on the easy availability of American horror videos, many of which are openly on sale at a local video centre run by Asian-born businessman Mr Monty Gerhardi.

Titles on sale include *I Was a Lesbian Mutant Werewolf, The Night The Devils Hacked Everyone To Pieces* and *The Return Of Peregrine Worsthorne III*.



NIGHTMARE NEASDEN – arrows show entrance to tunnel

But yesterday an angry Mr Gerhardi denied the allegations made in tonight's film that his video-nasties have been the main cause of the scenes of horror that in recent weeks have shocked the nation.

"All my stock is good clean family entertainment which has been approved by Lord Rees-Mogg," he said, "and, anyway, parents who buy this kind of filth should be locked up, which they have been — and quite right too."

'Stonehenge Three' held

by Our Irish Staff
Eamonn O'Lith

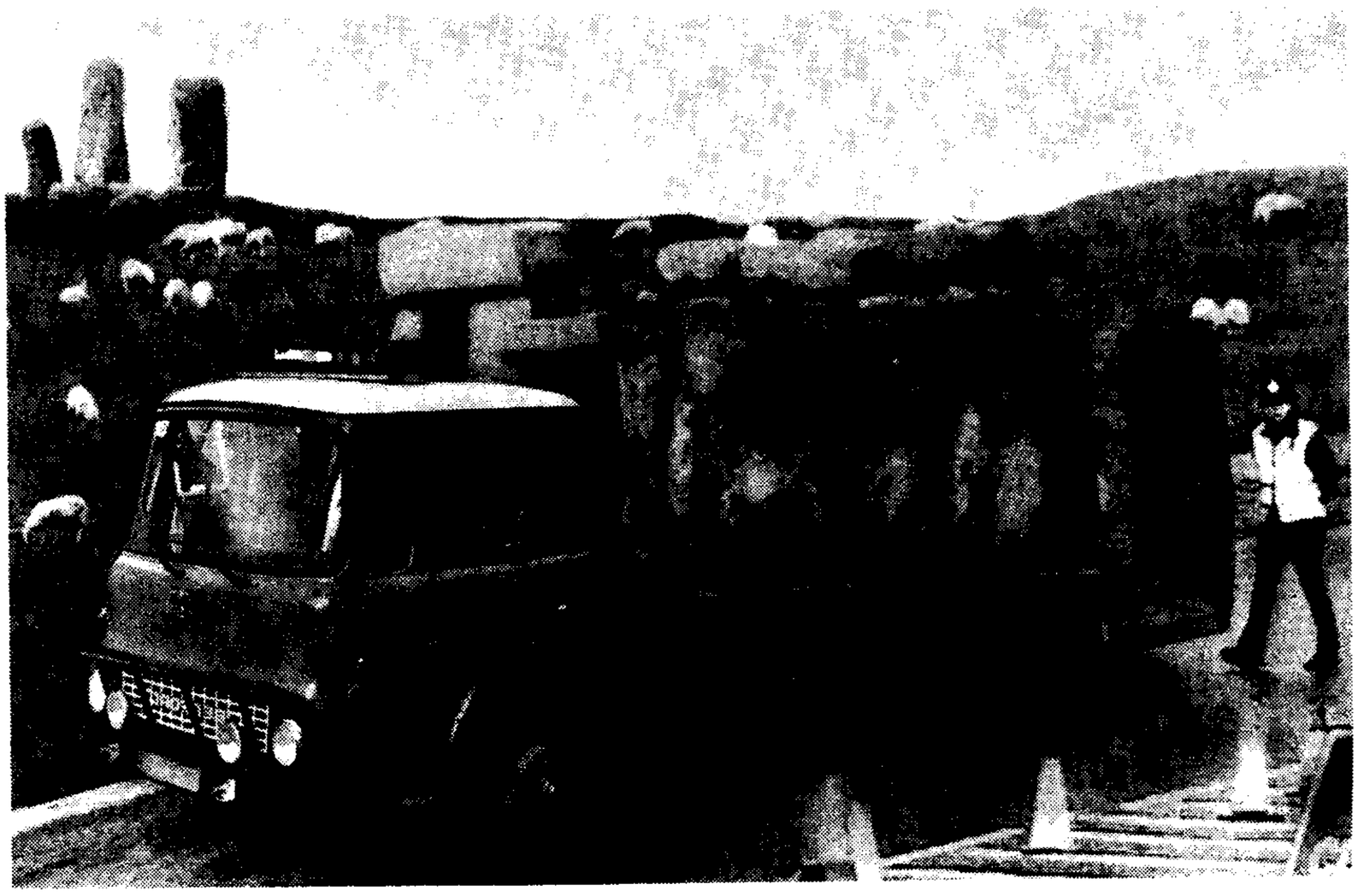
A huge force of 200,000 policemen, under Inspector "Winston Churchill" Knacker, last night swooped to take custody of a number of stones, believed to be implicated in a series of atrocities dating back to the late Stone Age.

The stones, which formed part of the world-famous Stonehenge Leisure Complex and Heritage Area, were taken away for forensic examination.

Also arrested in what was described as "the biggest security operation in southern England since World War Two" were a number of Heritage Wardens, straw-hatted croissant vendors and druids.

Said Inspector Churchill-Knacker: "We have had the stones under observation for at least eight years. All I can say at this stage is that Operation Caligula has gone off without a hitch, apart from the unfortunate incident when a number of Japanese tourists were unfortunately shot dead when they attempted to photograph the proceedings in an unauthorised fashion."

Last night 500 people were being held under the Prevention of Terrorism Act at various top-security police stations throughout the country, and an arrest is expected sometime in the next three years.



Auction snip

A vasectomy is among the prizes on offer at an auction of promises in aid of Lydiard Millicent School. The auction is in the Butcher's Arms, Greatfield, on Friday at 8.30pm. For details, ring Swindon 771341.

Swindon Evening Advertiser

GOOD strong Vice, £5. — Tel. Sudbury 3[illegible].

The Citizen, Sudbury

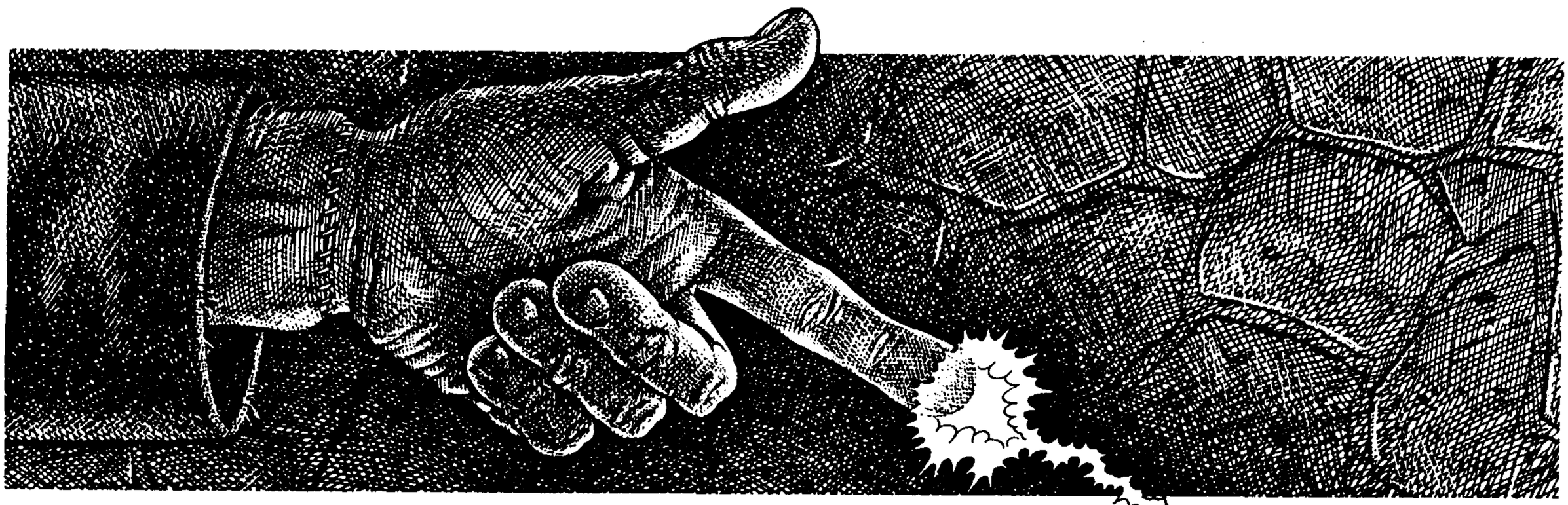
Bees

EASY going male, mid forties, average looks, smoker, whose interests include sixties music, pubs and country walks would like to meet a lady 35-45 for social outings, children welcome. Sense of humour more important than looks but a photograph would be appreciated. — Write Box No.

Portsmouth Evening News

Now we've got a shock for you.

Perhaps the pleasantest shock that will ever come your way. We've got the tricky job of flogging the 12 regional electricity companies at a time when the share market is not looking exactly rosy. So that's why we're making you a series of



amazing offers that you can't re-fuse (geddit?). For instance, we'll pay you £200 for every £100 worth of shares you buy. Can't get fairer than that, can you? What's more, if you buy 50 shares you will never have to pay another electricity bill in your life. And that's just the half of it. If you bring a wheelbarrow round to our offices you can not only take the shares away for nothing, but you can help yourself to any of the following free gifts:

The Regional Electricity Companies Share Offers

Del Monte state-of-the-art fully automatic pop-up toast rack. Self-cleaning Hawaiian electric chair — put an end to yourself in style! The Ronson £5 million lighter. Combined electric hairbrush and shaver.

ELECTRICITY — We'll sock it to you!

No wonder we're plugging it — we got paid £2 million for dreaming up this ad

Literary Review

Bob's your unctuous

Prescriptions of a Pox Doctor's Clerk
Robert Robinson
(Weidenfeld and Nicholson, £16.95)

WHEN Robert Robinson was gathering material for his book of pieces called *The Dog Chairman*, it is said that he went to the producer of *Stop The Week with Robert Robinson*, Michael Ember, and asked him for tapes of the programme so he could transcribe choice bits of his chat for the book. Ember revealed that he wiped all the tapes. Robinson nearly died.

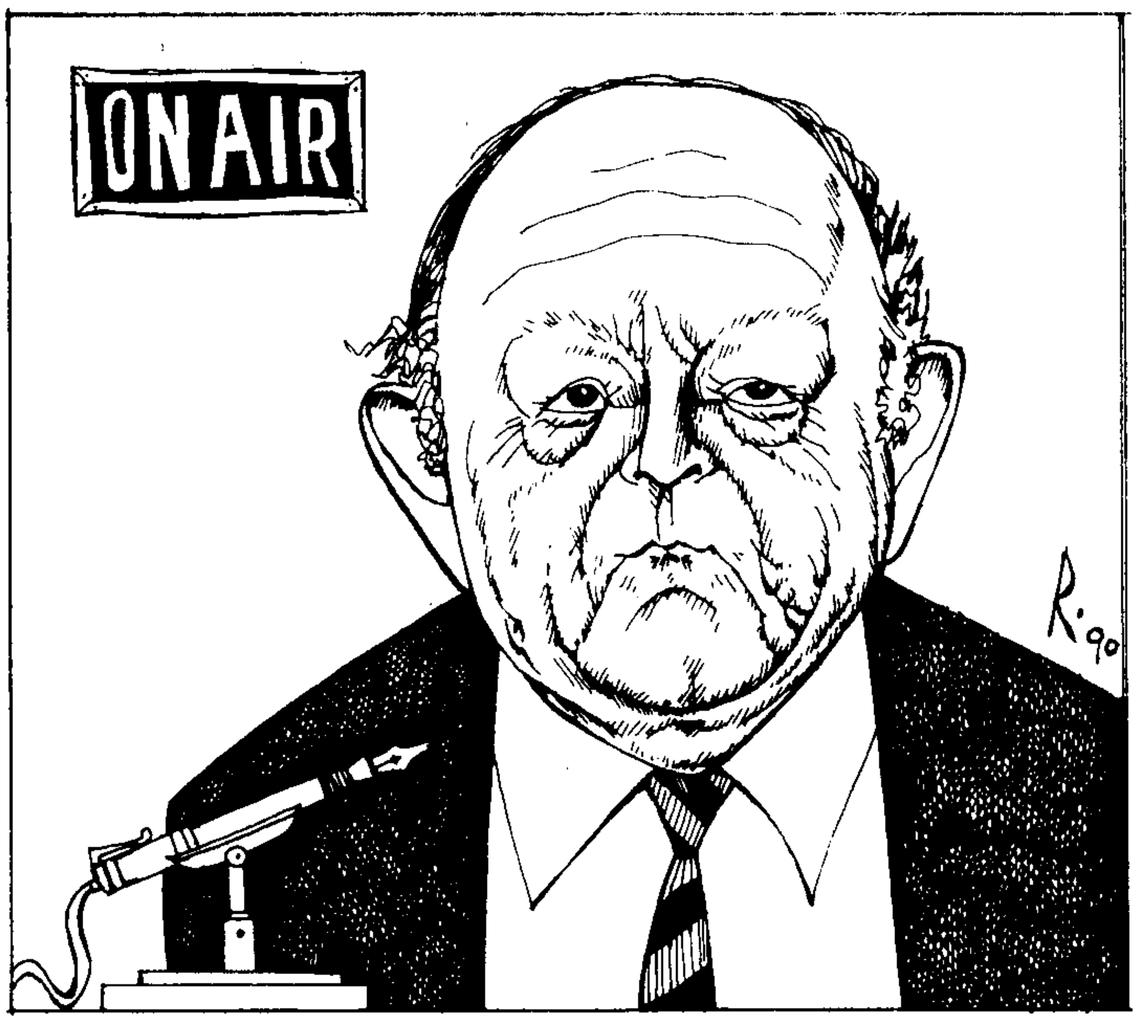
Luckily, Ember remembered that there was a faithful listener somewhere in the provinces who recorded every single programme, and it was finally only by the kind co-operation of this listener that the book appeared at *all*. Robinson has obviously now got a system worked out to save his conversation, because his new book contains a great deal of stuff that could only have been thrown out on the air in those moments when Milton Shulman and Michael O'Donnell were gnashing their teeth, waiting to get in.

Stop The Week is not a completely impromptu show. Nor, as many people think, is it even live. It is recorded the day previously after Robinson, Ember and the minor stars have phoned each other to sort out the topics, and who is going to lead off when. Which means that many of these little pieces are pre-rehearsed, pre-written pieces of conversation in which Robinson can show off that finely wrought, elegantly phrased conversational tone for which he is famous.

The only drawback is that the conversational elegance is used to disguise the fact that Robinson has nothing to say. He is so mesmerised by the sound of his own voice that he feels it is sufficient, and if he has a subject at all, it is the sound of his own voice. Here is the opening of a piece called Debbie.

"I was in a posh hotel on the Welsh border entirely staffed by Debbies. The first one said 'anything at all you require please don't hesitate to let me know!' I thought rather grumpily I don't imagine hesitating, the prices being what they are. A bit churlish, and I felt a little ashamed, but over my solitary dinner the thought wouldn't go away and I started to tease out the source of the faint irritation her words had promoted."

This dreary self-absorption is mostly matched by a lack of interest in others, whose presence is normally used by Robinson only to spark off another damp chain of firework speculation about words, or phrases, or style, or those little strands of meaning which he pulls across to disguise the baldness of his thought.



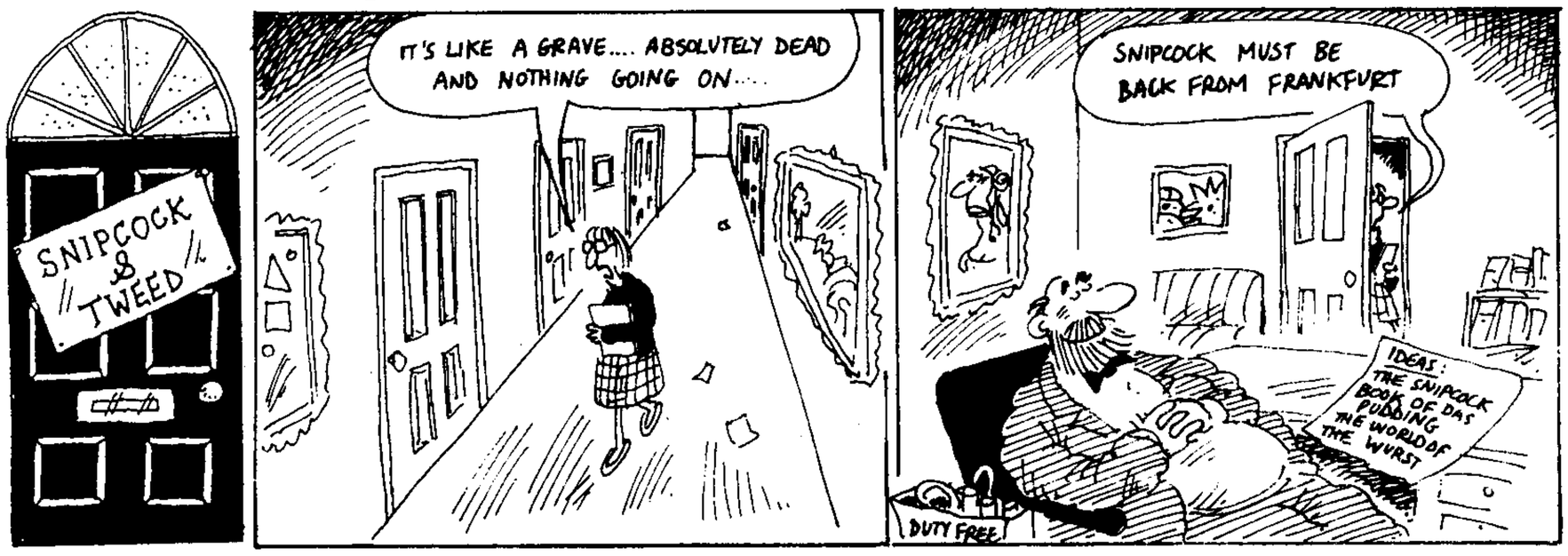
It is a common conceit among humorists to start a piece with a flight of misdirected fancy, along the lines of "Before arriving at Biggleswade, I had imagined it somehow filled entirely with 1940s RAF officers, filling the place with the sound of pranging moustaches...", but these preludes, however long, are only preludes. With Robinson, they very often are the whole thing. He notes that Sir Michael Tippett is judging a marmalade competition, and says (after the little joke "I was uncertain for a moment whether it wasn't Sir Michael Tiptree") "There is a lively energetic vibration about the phrase 'marmalade competition' as if the stuff was going to be thrown like a javelin. Or perhaps it was to be a new sort of 100 yards dash in special marmalade spikes, through fathoms of the stuff..." That's all. Just a few jokes about misunderstanding the phrase "marmalade competition" which, by the by, does *not* have a lively energetic vibration about it, unless you're desperate for a few quick jokes.

Whether you are so entranced by his juggling skills that you fail to notice he can only keep one ball in the air, or depressed by the plethora of pieces starting "It came as a surprise to me to learn that wire coathangers were invented. I'd always thought..." or "I dearly love a non-sequitur if it's operatic enough", you will get a shock when you come to page 163, and a long piece called "B. Traven: A Mystery Solved".

It is very good indeed. It is a sober account of his TV-inspired hunt for the identity of the novelist B. Traven, and makes a rattling good detective yarn.

There are one or two other pieces like this ("No Sign of Tiptoes" on page 265, for instance), and they are all examples of pieces written for the page, not dragged out of mid-air waffle, as well as of Robinson for once getting outside the fascination with his own thought processes and seeing the outside world as more than just a peg on which to hang his own precious ramblings.

Have decades of take-the-money-and-run compering on TV and radio really addled the man's mind?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Books & Bookmen

■ **SCRIBES have described last week's 42nd Frankfurt Book Fair as an historical event, its first day coinciding as it did with the day of German reunification. But nothing could be less accurate.**

As ever publishers and their hangers-on were only interested in their own egos, attitudes and whether the managing director of a well-known London publishing house was still sleeping with her editorial director. Everyone claimed to know the answer, but the supposedly happy couple looked pretty grim on occasions.

At the *Buchmesse* the two Germanies still lived: 2,274 publishers from the federal republic commanded the best strategic positions in the vast halls, with the fetid aroma of sausages and beer wafting up from the ground floor below. The mere 32 publishers from what was until last week East Germany were banished, so to speak, to the largely unvisited Eastern European booths. By next year's fair they are likely to have vanished completely.

Ivana Trump was the best the Americans could come up with and Tom Maschler of Cape was eager to buy her memoirs, telling her that his involvement with the book would add lustre to its British publication. Lord Weidenfeld, with a diminished stand, was on parade but speculation that his firm was sold at the fair to HarperCollins (said to have 600 employees there at a cost of £1¼m) were incorrect; under Popeye's arrangement with Ann Getty, she has to buy the company when the baron bails out.

Leo Cooper confided that he'd bought himself back via an arrangement with a firm in Yorkshire, and become Sword and Pen Books. No one suggested that Andre Deutsch had been bought by anyone although it was rumoured that Snipcock Rosenthal would soon be honoured with a life peerage. Eddie Bell of Collins claimed to work out in his hotel's gymnasium each morning before waddling to the fair clutching his mammoth cigar. Anthony Blond was paraded around in a wheelchair, but he wouldn't reveal which irate publisher had savaged his foot. The most improbable sight though was of Sir Sincere-Stevenson wearing sneakers at his banner-bestrewn booth: he insisted they were loafers.

British and American publishers no longer go to the fair to buy books. They go to sell them, and mostly don't. The agent Andrew Nurnberg, who brought us George Blake and Yeltsin (not that anyone much wanted them) was selling, improbably, the KGB archives. But perhaps though the most significant individual on view was *Spycatcher* solicitor, David Hooper, paid to be there by publishers, as increasingly litigation is what the book business is all about.

Undoubtedly the most significant *fact* about the fair was that the barman at the Park Hotel, where British publishers of a sleepless disposition hang out after midnight (even Peter Meyer spent time there) was confident that his takings this year would exceed last year's when he took more in a week than he'd done in any week in the previous nine years.

'Bookworm'

Irish beef

Stirring up the stew

CONTROVERSY over the collapse of the Goodman Meats empire continues to grow, with British Euro MPs becoming the latest to ask awkward questions.

On behalf of the Socialist Group, Labour's John Tomlinson has asked the European Commission to explain the behaviour of Ray MacSharry, the commissioner with responsibility for agriculture. MacSharry is, of course, Irish and was sent to Brussels by his Fianna Fail party leader Charles Haughey.

If anything MacSharry's enthusiasm for Larry Goodman's operations has exceeded even Haughey's. Revelations that MacSharry contacted the Dutch agriculture minister have renewed hopes among Haughey's critics that the Goodman saga will reveal evidence of political shenanigans. For, prior to MacSharry's intervention, two Dutch banks owed money by Goodman were preparing to put in a receiver. This would have wrecked the Irish government's rescue plan for Goodman, which involved rushing emergency legislation through the Dail to protect Goodman from his creditors.

Coincidentally, or otherwise, the Dutch banks relented shortly after MacSharry's chat with their minister and the liquidation was averted. Critics claim that MacSharry has breached the convention whereby Euro commissioners are precluded from pursuing narrow national or party political interests, and Tomlinson has called for his resignation if it is shown that he has.

MacSharry's supporters reject what they see as politically motivated smears and claim that, by taking an interest in the fate of Europe's largest meat business, the commissioner was simply doing his job.

In many ways Goodman, and his fantasy world of huge wealth and influence, was the creation of the common agricultural policy. Ludicrously high grants, and the close personal interest of Haughey, led to Goodman dominating the Irish farming industry through a series of hi-tech plants. Vast quantities of beef were therefore produced for intervention (i.e. storage at EC expense) and low margin exports to the Middle East (rewarded with huge EC grants for those helping to reduce the beef mountain!) This magic roundabout approach to business would probably still be functioning had Goodman not decided that he was, as the *Economist* should put it, one of Europe's brightest businessmen.

Goodman began to play the London stockmarket, losing huge sums on his investments in Unigate and Berisford. Where all the money came from for these adventures is still a matter of dispute, with allegations by opposition backbenchers in the Dail and worldwide litigation likely to cloud the issue for years to come.

What isn't in doubt is that when Goodman International slipped into the protection of a court appointed examiner, the banks were owed around £460 million. Interestingly virtually all of this debt is held by British and other European banks, with Goodman's main bankers, Allied Irish, facing an initial exposure of less than £4 million. This apparent imbalance explains the reluctance of many creditors, especially the Dutch, to cooperate with the rescue plan.

Although Goodman has now placed his substantial personal resources in the hands of the examiner the banks remain wary; several of Goodman's creditors were under the impression that the Haughey government would resolve their difficulties with a huge grant.

This hasn't happened and instead the Irish banks have put up (secured) funds to keep the Goodman operation ticking over. That nice Mr MacSharry has also helpfully allocated £200 million of EC funds (on top of £150 million already spent) to mop up surplus Irish and British beef, much of it produced by the Goodman group. The question of whether this is really the best way of using scare community resources has hardly been raised, a not exactly unusual occurrence.

Oil

Safety cheques

THE Department of Energy's plan to recruit a £60,000-a-year offshore safety chief is causing considerable anguish among its officials.

The most obvious victim is Jim Petrie, presently head of the safety directorate within the department's petroleum engineering division (PED). The official line that Petrie is welcome to apply for the job cannot inspire him with much confidence. The salary — nearly double his present one — is commensurate with permanent secretary status and he has done little to merit such elevation.

His performance at Lord Cullen's inquiry into the Piper Alpha disaster — in which 167 oil workers died — can best be described as lacklustre. Observers lost count of the number of "don't knows" and "can't remembers" that punctuated his testimony and his lack of conviction has no doubt contributed to his demise.

It seems probable, however, that two further considerations — both of which have caused widespread consternation — have prompted Petrie's superiors to look for a more dynamic figure to raise the safety profile of the department.

The first is the possible transfer of offshore safety supervision from the department to the Health and Safety Executive. Critics have long claimed the department is too close to the oil industry, as the arm of government charged with fostering offshore development, to monitor safety with the necessary detachment. There is a good chance Lord Cullen will recommend such a step in his report, which goes to energy secretary John Wakeham this month.

The move would involve little upheaval — for the most part the same people would be doing the job — while satisfying public demand for something visible to be done. The appointment of a new boss to a larger operation would clearly enhance his perception. For the officials involved, however, it would mean a move away from the mainstream of the civil service and all the rewards of the promotion ladder.

For them, the second proposition is even more disturbing: the suggestion that the safety directorate, along with the rest of the PED, relocate to Scotland to be closer to the industry it is supposed to cover. Senior department officials went to considerable lengths recently to concoct figures for the Commons energy committee to show that the operation would cost £900,000 a year more to run from Glasgow and £700,000 a year more to run from Aberdeen than it does from London.

The committee, led by Scottish National Party leader Alex Salmond, was less than impressed and the department reluctantly had to agree to keep the matter under review.

Transport

On the buses

ANN GLOAG, bus driver's daughter and a businesswoman of the year, is making herself rather unpopular in the far-flung corners of her multi-million pound empire.

The letterheading of her company, Stagecoach Holdings in Perth (reported to have an annual turnover of £100 million), boasts: "Buses Mean Business". The company certainly means business — but it doesn't necessarily mean buses.

Stagecoach Holdings has so far acquired the United Counties, Magicbus, Ribble, CMS (Cumberland), East Midland, Hampshire and Southdown bus companies.

After Mrs Gloag bought Southdown last winter she wrote to Lewes District Council asking if the bus station and the garage next to it could be redesignated as a site for shops with a service area at the back. She was firmly told the site was for buses and would remain so, being an asset to the town, with places for travellers to sit out of the rain and a coffee bar upstairs.

This summer a three-week public inquiry into modifications to the Lewes town plan did not consider a move to demolish the bus station and Mrs Gloag duly objected. In the meantime, however, she had offered the site to a company called Centros Properties Ltd, of Stratton Street, London W1, explaining that it was surplus to her requirements. It was Centros's representative, chartered surveyor Michael Sait, of Brighton, who gave evidence at the public inquiry. (Mrs Gloag has never appeared in Lewes.)

The district council said it wouldn't mind the bus garage being turned into shops, but it was not going to have Lewes's bus station taken away. Mr Sait annoyed locals by replying that it was not a bus company's function to provide facilities for the travelling public.

Mr Sait then produced Mr Brian Cox, managing director of Southdown Motor Services Ltd, to say that "the company had decided to close down its activities on the site because it would not be viable to continue" and that people who wanted buses would just have to wait at street stops in the town. An architect declared on behalf of the company that the only economic solution was to develop the whole site, since less "would not be viable".

All this talk has failed to impress the locals, who are confident the inquiry will side with the district council. But Mrs Gloag doesn't give up easily and has another tactic up her sleeve which she has already used with apparent success at Keswick, Cumbria. There, denied permission to develop the site, the company simply filled it with derelict buses.

Busman Cox has already hinted that Southdown may do the same in Lewes, having decided to dispose of its Portsmouth site and needing a storage space for the displaced vehicles. Rather than putting in a planning application it knows will be turned down, Stagecoach thus threatens to blight the whole site by dumping buses on it and the local council can do nothing: it has no legal powers to *make* the company operate a bus station.

The district council's solicitor summed up local feelings succinctly at the public inquiry: "We seem to have a bus company which doesn't own the site and a development company which owns the site but doesn't run the buses. I don't see why a woman from Perth should be allowed to ruin the facilities of a nice little country town in Sussex."

Nuclear power

Wano know a secret?

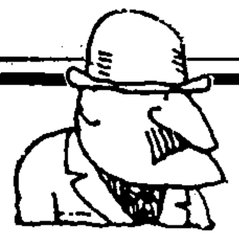
MORE THAN 500 nuclear accidents are taking place every year and being kept secret from the public — that is the reassuring news from the world's leading nuclear scientist, Lord Marshall of Goring, and his last admirer, the fanatically pro-nuclear David Fishlock OBE, science editor of the *Financial Times*.

The paper published a five-page survey of nuclear power which attracted 312 lucrative column-inches of advertising and reported Lord Marshall's views.

Marshall is now chairman of the World Association of Nuclear Operators (Wano) and Fishlock wrote: "Wano's rules require every incident to be reported, in the confidence that it will not be publicised."

"And it's working," Lord Marshall says. "Reports of incidents land on my desk every day." (Wano's definition of an incident is an event which has had — or might have had — significance for reactor safety.)

If Marshall works a five day week and reports (plural) of incidents arrive on his desk every day, that makes a minimum of 512 a year. The good news is that this flow will continue, according to Marshall, so long as the public is kept in the dark.



In the City

MY ENTIRE worth is over £1 billion. My borrowings are less than 10 per cent of that" — Asil Mail in the *Daily Nadir*, 21 September.

For a relatively debt-free billionaire, Nadir appears to have a lot of problems with his banks. His personal bankers, like those of Polly Peck who are owed a billion or so, seem to think he is worth a lot less than he tells his fast disappearing followers in the financial press. But then that may explain why he is not putting his hand into his own pocket to provide the mere £100 million which could help solve Polly Peck's possibly terminal cash squeeze. There may not be anything there but small change.

Just how little credibility Asil the billionaire has with his own bankers was revealed by the embarrassing disclosure that they had sold him out of 16.65 million shares he controlled but had borrowed against on margin. Bankers do not sell out clients to whom they have loaned tens of millions without believing they are unable or unwilling to meet the margin call for extra security.

Before the crisis began in August, with word of the Inland Revenue probe into Polly Peck share deals linked to stockbroker Jason Davies and South Audley Management, controlled by Nadir interests, Nadir controlled some 106 million shares worth at their peak not far short of £500 million.

He would seem to have borrowed against almost every one as all but the odd few thousand were held in bank nominee names — the device used by lenders when they hold shares as collateral. Banks will rarely lend more than 60 per cent of share values so this suggests possibly borrowings of somewhere between £100 million and £300 million.

The usual arrangement is that the bank can call for extra security if the shares fall to a trigger point. The client can either make more shares available or put in cash to be held on deposit by the lending bank. If he cannot or will not do either, the bank has the right to sell sufficient shares to restore its cover to the previously agreed margin.

Ephraim Margulies, of Berisford and illegal Guinness payments disrepute, was a man who recently felt the sharp end of such arrangements, coincidentally from one of Nadir's largest personal bankers, Citicorp Investment Bank in Zurich.

Alas Asil's billion was unable to prevent Citicorp, Credit Suisse, Warburgs, First National Bank of Chicago and Merrill Lynch unloading shares to realise a mere £30-£40 million on a collapsing market. They clearly felt something was better than nothing — a motto Polly Peck's bankers may soon share.

As Margulies proves, bankers are slow to sell as it hardly improves client relationships. Similarly they would seem unlikely to sell and not inform the client what they have done. After all, the client knows the deal and what happens if he does not meet the margin call.

Yet that is what Nadir claims happened with both Warburgs in Zurich and Credit Suisse in Basle. His statement declares that the banks sold 3.05 million Polly Peck shares belonging to the Jersey company Restro Investments, which he controls, between 31 August and 10 September but did not provide him with the "details" until 24 September.

By then dealings in Polly Peck had been suspended and the crisis was going nuclear. So much so that Nadir himself had been in the market buying 12.25 million shares in a desperate gamble to prop up the price between 4 and 10 September.

Is it credible that the two banks would have sold so many shares without telling their client what they had done? Is it credible that Nadir would not have checked what action Warburgs and Credit Suisse were taking when he failed to meet their margin calls? As a chairman who has always paid at least as much attention to the share price as the business, is it likely that he did not know who the sellers were who were hitting the Polly Peck price?

In that same period Nadir spent some £37 million (or should it be borrowed?) to drive the price back up from 273p to almost 300p and then from 255p to 277p when that did not work. It looks like some of the shares he bought could have been his own. That could explain, Nadir did not, why a declared purchase of seven million shares on 10 September turned out, when the smoke cleared, to have only involved six million. That is unless the brokers lost track. Similarly on 20 September he bought 250,000 as his bankers sold him out of 10 million.

Curiously, when the bankers hit the panic button on 20 September, the day Nadir was required to be interviewed by the Serious Fraud Office and the shares were suspended, they informed him of their actions considerably more promptly, being aware no doubt of Nadir's legal requirement to inform the stock exchange of any share deals within three days. Warburgs and Credit Suisse informed Nadir of their further sales of Restro shares on 20 and 21 September, either on those days or at the latest on 24 September.

Why did they not act so promptly before? Yet one more unexplained question. But had they done so it would of course have alerted the City considerably earlier to Nadir's admitted "problems of liquidity" at a time when he was not only assuring that nothing was wrong but was spending presumably other bankers' money to support the Polly Peck share price.

Questions of a different sort are raised by the similarly belated disclosure that Blade Explorations, another of the Swiss-based letter box companies whose well-timed share dealings in Polly Peck now preoccupy the SFO, sold 450,000 shares on 14 August. This was the day after the stock market learned that Nadir intended to mount a buy-out. Blade is said to represent a previously unknown and so far unlocated Turkish or Turkish Cypriot gentleman named Behcet T. Ali.

On news of the shortlived buy-out plan Polly Peck shares jumped to 453p as the expectation was that Nadir would have to pay between at least 480p and 500p. So to sell at 410p and 417p as Blade did might seem not only precipitate but remarkably ill-advised. A day after the sale, however, it turned out to have been absolutely the right thing to do.

It was on 15 August that Nadir suddenly began to tell his advisers that he did not think he could go through with the buy-out as unidentified but substantial shareholders had told him they would not accept. Two days later Nadir pulled out and the price collapsed to 324p. Clearly the mysterious Mr Ali was right on the money.

Nadir never identified, even to the stock exchange, any of the owners of 15 percent of Polly Peck who said they would block the buy-out. He just gave the names of three advisers. Similarly he never identified where the necessary £1.5 billion was to come from other than to suggest initially that it could all come from Turkey — a view which surprised Turkish bankers — and then from unnamed other sources.

Such lack of detail is as unusual as it is unsurprising. Polly Peck has debts of £1 billion, so how Nadir would finance those and a further £1.5 billion was yet one more unanswered question.

What is clear, though, is that if the buy-out had not been disclosed on Monday 13 August, Polly Peck shares would have fallen sharply from their Friday level of 393p because of revelations in the *Observer* and *Sunday Times* that weekend of the tax probe. Nadir learned on the Friday and Saturday that both newspapers were on his case. On the Saturday he called a Sunday board meeting to consider the buy-out proposal. Just what effect that price fall might have had on his bankers is a matter for conjecture.

Polly Peck's nervous bankers, not to mention Nadir's personal bankers who still hold 105 million shares worth a great deal less than the loans made against them, require reassurance.

Salvation, Nadir says, is coming from Turkey — trust me. While they hold their breath, bankers might consider this earlier explanation by Nadir of his personal financial situation: "Any debt I may have incurred in the UK or anywhere in the world can be serviced comfortably by just one of my operations here in Turkey" (*Daily Nadir*, 17 September).

By that time Nadir had already failed to meet the margin calls made by Credit Suisse and Warburgs, although they had forgotten to tell him.

'Slicker'

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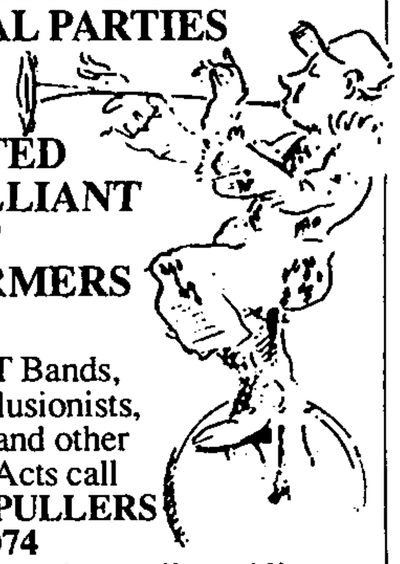

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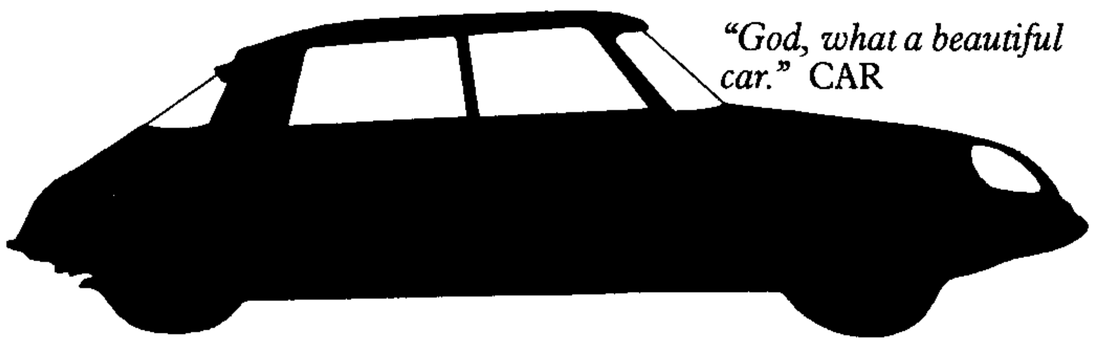

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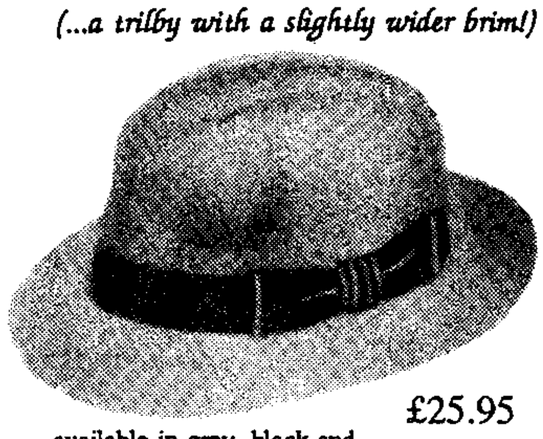

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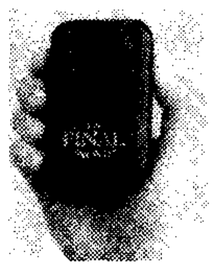

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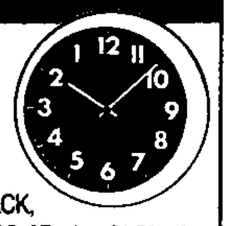

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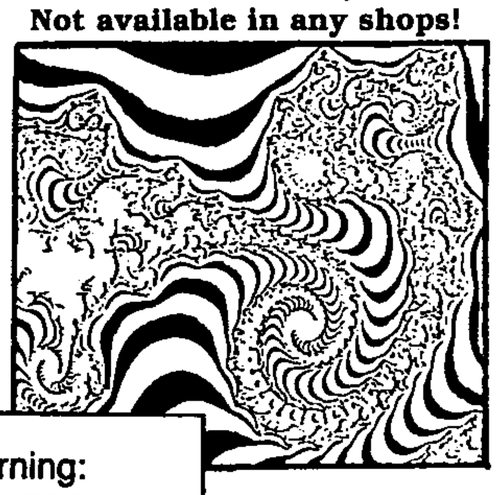

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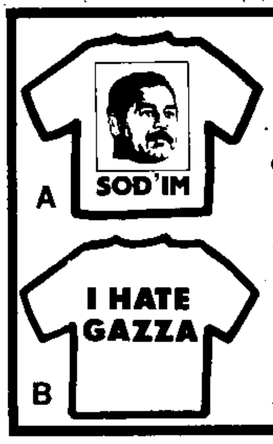

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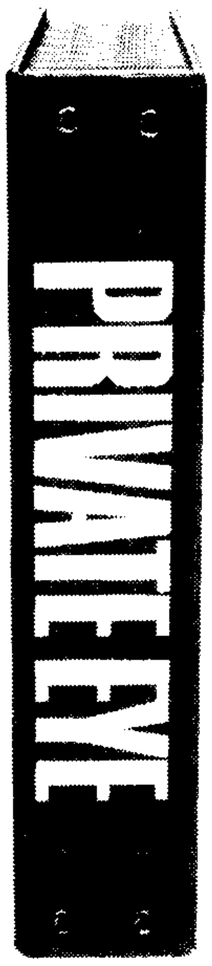

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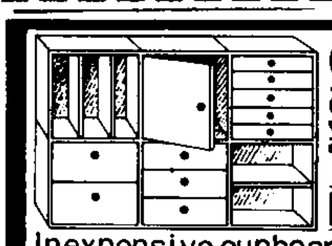

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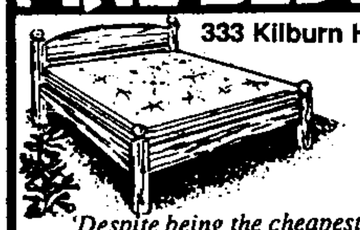

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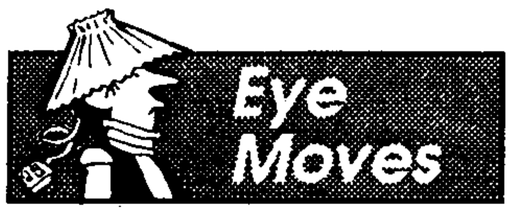

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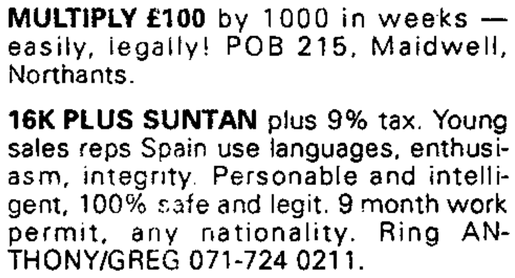

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PROFESSIONALLY prepared Cvs. 0270 820415 for brochure.

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ALLTYPES Business Services — Mailing address, telephone answering, fax, secretarial services — 38 Greyhound Rd, W6. Telephone 071 381 1292/071 223 8004.

ACCOMMODATION address (Islington). Your name, our address. 071 833 3518.

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NARCISSISTIC EXHIBITIONIST with a ready wit seduces an innocent couple every night before hundreds of grateful eyes. Rocky Horror! The best rock and roll musical in the world. Piccadilly Theatre. 071-867 1118/1111.

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ORIGINAL CARTOONS — Private View & Auction of "Green" cartoons from the book "Turn Over a New Leaf". All proceeds go to CARE. Mail Galleries, Oct 25th, 6-8 pm. Tickets £10. Tel: 071-379 5247.

NYC B&B. US$50 a night. Friendly. Safe. 0101-212 777 4663. Fax: 0101-212 260 6931.

CONSCIENTIOUS SOLICITOR sought to defend drunk driving charge, whose concern for justice matches that for fees, and who can be as indignant as I at the procedural loopholes and irregularities when charged. If (s)he regards knowledge of these by the Court unnecessary to to a proper defence, must be prepared to explain why to me in detail, and (with a generous fixed fee agreed), without irritation at the time it takes. Box 12752.

EXPLANATION offered — need £20,000. Help! Box 2952.

POTENTIAL Chancellor requires £4,000 in loans/donations to finish Economics degree. Father unable to help. Box 3052.

IN-DEBT BUSINESSMAN will front anything lucrative and exciting. Megabucks only need apply. Box 3152.

SOCRATIC lifestyle not for me. Contributions welcome, anything considered. Box 3252.

INTERNATIONALLY known, yet impoverished, university researcher seeks benefactors to offset amazing offer to join brain-drain. Box 3352.

EX-STUDENT desperate for £10,000 for student debts and independent film projects. Cheques "N. STARTUP". Every little helps. Box 3452.

NURSE with baby needs £3,000 desperately to prevent loss of home. Box 3552.

YOUNG BUSINESSWOMAN requires at least £3,000 to keep her boutique on course. All replies acknowledged. Box 3652.

YOUNG DESIGNER needs £4,000 to push promising idea into the American market. Excellent returns possible. Box 3752.

REPOSSESSION imminent, family about to be split, attempting to help brother, his wife and two children. All my savings gone. £150,000 needed. Please help us. All donations acknowledged. Box 3852.

TALENTED CELLIST needs £5,000 to complete post-graduate studies. Box 2052.

YOUNG DESIGNER needs £10,000 to start craft business. All donations appreciated. Box 2252.

RUSSIAN STUDENT needs £1000 to finish studies. Box 2352.

TWO SUICIDE attempts, but I'm over the worst. Help needed to clear debts and start information service for similar souls. Box 2452.

BEAUTIFUL sponsor or cash please for handsome talented "Green" artist. Box 2552.

WRITER with travel book idea needs £10,000 to quit dreaming and get going. Please. Please. Box 2652.

£30,000. Desperate danger of losing pregnant wife and house. Donations, loans etc. Please please help. Proof and acknowledgements to helpful people. Will do anything. Box 2752.

PLEASE PLEASE help me. Am in debt to the tune of £1,006.35. Due to appear in court. Anything would help. Young lady with small child. Box 1152.

HARDWORKING MAN, 28, about to support lady and two children, urgently needs (not wants) £5,000 to clear debts, to restart life afresh back on the rails. Every little helps. Gratefully acknowledged. Box 1252.

CREATIVE LADY requires financial sustenation to assure immortality. Box 1352.

TWO STUDENTS need £800 for geological expedition. Anything considered. Donations acknowledged. Box 1452.

YOUNG GERMAN MAN (26) needs urgently £35,000. Everything considered. Help please! Box 1552.

YOUNG MAN, 26, wants to be a millionaire. Box 1652.

PUBLIC RELATIONS professional requires up to £750,000 to embark on lifelong, non-profit-making campaign aimed at renewing faith in God, publicising modern day relevance of the Bible and promoting the power of Prayer. Box 1752.

YOUNG MALE returning from travels abroad penniless. Anything considered. Offers/donations please. Box 1852.

WELL-EDUCATED MALE (27) has fallen into debt-ridden society, approx £23,000. Needs funds urgently to enable continuation of very promising career. All donations acknowledged. Box 1952.

HELP NEEDED to clear £2,000 debt. All letters answered. Box 2151.

NEW BUSINESS seeking funds small and large. Please help to get started. Box 2251.

LAST MAN in the world. Help! Cash or crossed cheque to Z.Z. Zzzxpster. All gifts acknowledged. Box 0952.

I HAVE WORKED all my life. I am now 41 and still flat broke; all I ever wanted was a Lamborghini, a Sunseeker and an apartment in Lanzarote, total £440,000. If you are super-rich please help. Box 1052.

COULD I HAVE £1 million too please — would love to keep in touch and let you know what we do with it. Box 4152.

INTELLIGENT MAN, 28, manic depressive, desperate to test theory that money can't buy happiness. All research material gratefully received. Anything considered. Box 4252.

PLEASE PLEASE help. I'm up the creek, need donations to buy the paddle. Thanks. Box 4352.

I NEED £6,000 to help conserve a barrier reef. Thank you! Box 4452.

CASH/LAND NEEDED for self-sufficiency venture in Southern Europe. Details on request. Box 4552.

GRADUATE (26), sick of work, sick of London, needs £5000 to escape abroad for ever. Anything considered. Box 4652.

DROWNING STUDENT needs £400 to swim again. Box 2852.

WANTED: £5,000 urgently to clear debts and start new life. Thanks. Box 3952.

ARTIST NEEDS small amount of money. All donations acknowledged with original miniature. Box 4052.

CHEAPEST DAILY flights to Germany. GERMAN TRAVEL CENTRE, 8 Earlham Street, London WC2. Tel. 071 836 4444.

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FLIGHTS — 0432 355944.

LEAVING GNOME? High Ridings Travel have some brilliant airfares. Why not call us on our new number? 0924 471177 or Pseuds fax 0924 475207.

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WHY NOT HAVE a real winter "brake"! Learn to Drive on our seaside residential courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS (0492) 531517.

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland Africa, Asia, South America from 5 to 26 weeks. For brochures telephone 081 673 0859.

TRUCK AFRICA: 5/6 months to Kenya/Victoria Falls from £1240. 4 weeks Morocco August '91 £345. Tel 071-731 6142 anytime.

THAILAND/ Philippines. Intense and uninhibited, a singles paradise! For brochure, ring 048182 3417.

AFRICA OVERLAND. Superb route via West Africa. Reputable private company. From £1295, 6 months. Departures every October and February. HOBO TRANS-AFRICA 0986 873124 anytime.

PRIVATE SAHARAN Expedition. Adventurous people wanted to share costs. Departs 10/12/90. Contact DEBBIE or SKIP 0323 647218.

RELAXING Archaeological Tours. Brochure from FRESCO, Dept P, 12-14 Hall Square, Denbigh, Clwyd LL16 3NU. Tel: (0745) 816268 (24 hrs).

ANDORRA — Skiing Jan 5/12 with DINNER DATE, the top Social Group. Dinner Party Season now starting. 0703 585495.

THAILAND: Hua-Hin. Beautiful Thai house in own grounds. 2 beds, 2 baths, maid, near beach and town. £180 p.w. Tel: 081-420 1243 for brochure.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS bringing together like-minded people who wish to travel, UK or abroad (non-group event). Contact: P&S 01-708 4344.

THOMAS PALMER 31, Devon Blair 23, Junior Barton 28, Niron Fisher 23, Anthony Hashwood 35, Osbourne A. Wright 38, Christopher Parkes 30, and McCardie Morrison 30. Only young, and very alone on Death Row in Jamaica. We are seeking any Private Eye readers from age 18 to 60 to write and befriend us out of kindness. Our thanks to Private Eye for allowing us this ad. Thomas Palmer, St Catherine Adult Correctional Centre, 1 Whitechurch Street, Spanish Town PO, St Catherine, Jamaica, West Indies.

THE SUCCESSFUL way for professional people to meet is through THE PICTURE DATING AGENCY, the most caring and confidential service. Join us and be sent lists of compatible partners with their photos. For details call 071-439 7091 (day) or 081-852 8989 (eve).

CHESHIRE DINNER CLUB. Dinner dates, parties and more for discerning, single professionals 30+. Details: 061-431 5521 (24 hours).

NOT FOR the fainthearted! Selective introductions for business, professional and creative people. MATCHMAKERS INTRODUCTIONS, 081-458 0246.

GROUPS OF YOUNG people from the USSR are looking for friendly contacts with readers of Private Eye. Varying interests, sex and ages. Please write: VLADIMIR SHISHKIN, Kujbysheva Str., 61/2-51 MINSK 220123, Byelorussia, USSR.

POST BOX to share. Earl's Court Road. 24-hour access. £25 per annum. Call RUPERT 071-223 1501.

TRY TELEMATE Telephone Dating. Don't talk just listen. 0898 228714 (calls charged at 33p cheap, 44p all other times).

AS SEEN on LWT's "6 O'Clock Live", DINNER DATES. We give wonderful dinner parties at sophisticated West End venues for discerning single people. Stringfellows, The Savoy, The White House, etc etc. Meet equal numbers of men and women of similar ages and interests. Please telephone 081-741 1252/ 081-748 2648/ 081-741 1173.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

LADIES: financially secure American and Australian gents seek friendship/marriage. Details SAE B. ROBERTSON, Qupadate, PO Box 3, Moston, Manchester M9 1EZ.

PERSON TO PERSON — the singles magazine just for you. Stamp brings sample: Dept PE/1, PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN.

SAVOIR VIVRE is different. Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, our standards are fairly high. Ring 071-581 4328 any time. SAVOIR VIVRE, A SOCIAL NETWORK, 97 Jermyn Street, London SW1Y 6JE.

ASIAN INTRODUCTIONS. Tel: 0533 610266.

ORIENTAL ladies seek gentlemen for friendship and marriage. Send SAE for details to MISS S. OUNBAN, G80, PO Box 100, Reigate, Surrey RH2 8YX.

BOY SCOUT (36), S. London, seeks girl guide (16+) for occasional woggling or serious relationship. Box 4752.

2 LOVELY long-limbed ladies available for lunch/dinner, bright and bubbly — blonde and brunette. Central London. Box 4852.

FEMALE, 29, West Yorkshire, wants nice non-macho man with sense of humour. Box 4952.

MALE, 6'3", young, fit, active, 49, slim, sails, skis, smokes, no ties, seeks tall, slim, elegant, humorous lady for lasting relationship. S.E. Kent. Box 5052.

25 YEAR OLD graduate male. Quiet, attractive and affectionate, into films, food, fantasy and sport — looking for "the right person?" Anyone out there? Kent, S.E., anywhere — Box 6752.

EXCITING new life offered to very attractive, slim, professional, sporty, vivacious lady of 30-40 willing to try very comfortable ex-patriot life in exotic Indonesia with goodlooking company director, 48, athletic, varied interests, humorous and caring. Friendship first, hopefully more. Box 5252.

ARE YOU a goodlooking, slightly submissive lady who doesn't believe in the equality of the sexes? An affluent, generous, assertive, goodlooking gentleman aged 38, would love to meet you for a one-to-one relationship. Phone number and recent photo please. Box 5152.

EVER REPLIED to one of these ads? "Thought about it", you say! Well I've finally got around to advertising so maybe you should think about replying to me, so read on. The next problem to overcome is meeting, so how about starting with a harmless lunch. No problem, but what about me. Well, I'm "squash" fit, early forties, 5'9", not bad looking, intelligent, self-made rich (Rolls etc, modesty prevents further details but look at the size of this ad!). I'm also appreciative, kind, sure, sensual, exciting, discreet, a bit romantic and happy. You'll be younger or young, trim, pleasant looking, also sensual, live in London or the South East and want to laugh and be wined and dined initially and then, well who knows?! Actually I've found writing this ad surprisingly easy and even exciting, so grab the pen, pick the photo and see how you feel replying to me! Box 5352.

FOR YOUR eyes only! Lady, 37, vivacious, sensual, affectionate, seeks best friend/lover, for stimulating, supportive, protective, passionate relationship. Will relocate. Box 5452.

IF YOU ARE an attractive, sensuous, hedonist, cultured young lady (marital status unimportant), maximum 5'4" and would like to enjoy discreetly the pleasures of luxury and travelling (Paris on 21 Oct) with a successful, passionate businessman, 41, then forward a photo and phone number to Box 5552.

WRITER, 41, working from home, misses Central London office scene, seeks friendly lady for evening sorties into London nightlife (pubs, theatre, shows). Box 5652.

2 EDUCATED LADIES seek gentlemen guests for dinner parties (initially). Cambridgeshire/anywhere. Box 5752.

DELICIOUSLY handsome, tall, fun, educated, upmarket, fortyish, professional married male seeking personable, very attractive female for discreet romantic term relationship. London. Box 5852.

MALE ORDER A unique opportunity to meet this handsome, intelligent, slim, youthful male (41), absolutely free. Will suit attractive, intelligent, petite young lady who appreciates humour and sincerity. Write today (with photo) as offer is subject to availability. (Croydon) Box 5952.

CHARISMATIC woman, 55, seeks well-healed gentleman for close monogamous relationship. Box 6052.

CHARMING and witty professional gentleman, aged 42, virile and wealthy, has sick wife. Seeks a secret, occasional friendship of a loyal and lasting kind with an attractive, sincere young lady, preferably married also. Strictest confidence. London area. Photo please. Box 6152.

ATTRACTIVE MALE graduate, early 30s, athletic, gregarious and extremely affable, seeks attractive, friendly woman, 20s, to share walks, talks, pubs and anything else worth doing. Photo and letter ensure reply. Yorks. Box 6252.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, Indian male, 27, seeks blossoming romance with someone special. Photo appreciated. Box 6852.

RIK MAYALL seeks girly!! Box 6952.

SIR LANCELOT seeks soup dragon to light his fire. Box 7052.

NORTH EAST: male lawyer, 38, unattached, seeks attractive lady for passion, romance and fun: discretion assured, if necessary. Box 7152.

BUSY, successful, attractive woman, 30, 5'9", seeks taller, older partner and friend to share life and possible create family. Must be successful and strong with sense of humour, adventure and fun! W. London/Thames valley. Box 7252.

ADVENTURER seeks adventuress for exploration into events and places described in the sex maniacs diary. I am 38, healthy, wealthy, am good company and seek a partner interested in an uncomplicated, uninhibited experience, full of laughter, fun and excitement. Box 6352.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, witty and wise international businessman based in London and aged 38, would like to meet a woman for an uninhibited, uncomplicated relationship involving champagne, fun and laughter. Discretion assured. Box 6452.

GULF stationed soldier, divorced, 35, seeks pen friend plus. Box 6552.

LONDON/SE. Presentable, professional woman, 47, separated, seeks unattached, characterful, professional man, 45-50; non-smoker, good physique, tallish, nice looking, intelligent, witty, warm for revitalising relationship. Box 6652.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge. For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

SQUALID CODGER wants/offers occasional B&B with/to nicely-perfumed hag. Poole area. Box 8452.

SINGLE laid-back lover — ability to tease and please. Needs feminine like-minded soul mate — non-smoker, thirties — Thames Valleyish. Box 7352.

FUN AND GAMES wanted! Imaginative, single man, 45, seeks dream female(2). Marital status, age, unimportant. Photo, phone please. Box 7452.

GOODLOOKING, shy male sprat, 35 wishes to be caught in same fishnet as female coddess (20-40), or basquing shark. Fun, fishing and roe producing. Your plaice. Dolphins and whales saved Photo please. Fin. Box 7552.

20TH CENTURY FOX: photogenic redhead, 35, arts professional, single, outgoing, undomesticated, wide arts-y interests, seeks goodlooking, witty male co-star for upbeat, hopefully un-Brief Encounter. South-East. Photo please. Box 7652.

ATTRACTIVE, widely travelled Asian woman seeks serious relationship with gentleman 50+, with similar interests and outlook. Box 7752.

ATTRACTIVE KNIGHT, 32, castlette and rusty steed, just posted to the North East seeks damsel with or without permanent squire for romantic encounters. Box 7852.

TALL, DARK, handsome prince charming, single, professional, 41, seeks stockinged Cinderella. Photo please. Birmingham. Box 7952.

LIVELY, attractive, intelligent female, 33, with 3 adorable children has separated from other half and now seeks friendship of polite, humorous and kindly types 30-45. Egotists need not apply, photo appreciated. Own house in Sussex. Box 8052.

MAN GRADUATE seeks lasting, thoughtful, humorous physical contact with bright, 50/60 women. Box 8152.

CLOTTED CREAM man needs strawberry lady (30+) for Cornish cream teas. Box 8252.

PASSIONATE pianist; Puccini, Penderecki, Pseud's corner and Paris-loving polymath; warm, open, fifty, fit, fun, affectionate, flabfree, divorced; writer; chamber music player with magnificent wasted instrument: needs to wake up snuggled with non-smoking, spontaneous, intuitive, widely-cultured, creative, quick-witted, gorgeous woman - forever. Lively, informative handwritten letter plus pin-up please. Box 8352.

LONDONER (M)! Intelligent conversations in exchange for any beautiful foreign (F) language (18 to 28). O81-360 9202.

VISITOR FROM Andromeda, good looking (male, 30) alien with own spacecraft seeks female earthling with nice antennae to whisk off to distant galaxies. Box 8782.

COMPLEX, but simple at heart. Intelligent, Gemini male, 34, dark hair with own beard. Values conversation, relaxed walks, music and books. Sense of humour veers towards outlandish, but sincere and loving. Professional, financially sound etc. No apparent defects, except possibly the absence of a telephone. Currently ensconced in Norfolk, but by year end could be anywhere. Seeks similar woman, for friendship and the future. Box 8852.

MALE, reformed workaholic (freelance scientist/engineer), seeks female to assist with rehabilitation. I'm a young 36, slim but not skinny, longish hair, casual, nonsmoker, with a sense of humour and wide interests which exclude religion, sectarian politics, discos and competitive sport. You? Intelligent, independent, non-Tory and atheist essential. Tell me the rest in a letter. Berks/Bucks/Oxon/London. Box 9852.

PRETTY LADY manager, seeks well educated, professional man, 38+, to complete family of two beautiful children. (Dorset) Box 9952.

MALE NEEDS female. Box 10052.

MALE Oxford graduate, 41, single, librarian/writer, no money, but loving, intelligent, humorous, still hopes to meet female soulmate. Oxford. Box 10152.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
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ARE YOU A married or attached lady who would welcome a romantic relationship with no strings? I am 49, self-employed, with no time for permanent commitments, but an caring and intelligent. You could be any age and nationality. Please reply with photo (returned) and phone no. Absolute discretion required and given. Box 10252.

ATTRACTIVE, graduate divorcee (41), seeks like-minded partner. Must like children. (Norwich) Box 10352.

WANTED,
wife.
Box 10452.

THE SORT OF girl I'm seeking would probably be too shy to answer an ad like this. Please try. I'm 26, average height, looks and miss someone to go for walks along the Thames with. Box 10552.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 35, seeks younger graduate, N/S, lady to end celibate existence. Knowledge of classical music an advantage. Yorks, Midlands. Box 8552.

ABANDONED TOM (25), housetrained, affectionate, with own catbasket (Hants) seeks new lady owner with warm lap for attention. For pedigree, etc, Box 8652.

BOOKISH MAN, early 50s, healthy, affectionate, solvent, sensual and separated, seeks attractive, educated, unattached, uninhibited younger woman (30-45) with sense of humour, N/S, any nationality, to love and to share evenings, weekends etc. London. Interests, broadly cultural and open air but not sporty. Recent photo appreciated. Box 8952.

BEACH BOY, 39, romantic, tall, dark, very humorous, sporty, successful business. Marriage dead, separation soon. Scottish beach girl 34-42, non smoker for lasting relationship. Photo/letter receives same. Box 9052.

ATTENTION LADIES! Are you looking for a single male, N/S, 35, professional with a sense of humour to wine, dine and hold you close? Do you live within 30 miles of Luton? Photo and tel no please, to ensure reply! Box 9152.

STUNNING rebel spinsters seek dynamic duo with the wit of Woody A, the DIY powers of Hercules and the looks and poetry of somebody else. Photographs? Age group preferred 28½ to 48¼. London, South Coast. Box 9252.

BRIGHTON BORED female (28). Box 9352.

CRACKING LADY, attractive, sporty, graduate, professional, 30, seeks man (28-40) in North West. Non-affected, intelligent, humorous and tall, too much to ask? Photo please. Box 9452.

ATTRACTIVE, slim; discerning female, seeks her ideal mate, professional, unattached, humorous, 40+, for weekends and hugs. Photo/Phone please. Box 9552.

SUCCESSFUL, aging hippy, thirtysomething, tied, but not bored, looking for a lady who is still a flower child at heart, strictly for fun at your place, daytime. South London, Surrey, Sussex. Photo appreciated. Box 9652.

SOCORRO! Divorced, 41 year old woman, struggling to learn Spanish in Oxfordshire, seeks native speaking man to help her. Box 8752.

FREE BOX seats. Covent Garden to 2 late 30s/early 40s discerning, educated, fun-loving, preferably wealthy opera-appreciative gentleman, willing to escort 2 stylish, attractive, intelligent, professional women. Dinner afterwards? Interesting replies and operatic pretences please. Box 5548.

EXTREMELY fortunate, ex-pat, investor, 6ft, single etc. Often back in South East England, would love his emotions in motion with English rose of around 20, almost half his age. Girlish attributes such as easy laughter, mane of hair or vulnerable elegance likely to inspire true chivalry. Much appreciated also, photo and phone. Box 10451.

GENEVA. Englishman, 40, unattached, attractive, would like to amuse and romance pretty, warm, humorous woman, 25-40, in Geneva, France and Italy. Letter, photo and phone number appreciated and reciprocated. Confidentiality guaranteed. Box 8051.

MALE, 35, tall, goodlooking, sense of humour, well travelled, public school/university, seeks intelligent, independent minded female, 25-35, with wit and beauty, for fun and friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 10652.

HAMPSHIRE. Statuesque lady seeks caring, intelligent man who enjoys the good things in life (30-40). Box 10752.

MALE, early fifties, married, confined to East Anglia during the week, seeks female companion to share boredom and investigate Uganda. Box 10852.

ASPIRING highwayman. Jack (40) seeks runaway chambermaid/rebellious heiress for high adventure in low London taverns. Box 10952.

VERY FEMININE, elegant, occasionally shy lady, 5'6", long blonde hair, mildly cuddly (52), upper middle class, comfortably financed, conservative with mainly cultural/intellectual interests seeks stimulating male company, love and laughter. If you are 48/56, over 5'8", preferably divorced, and from a similar background, we could perhaps make sure that the best of life is yet to come! Box 11052.

INTERESTING gentleman, slim, youthful, 40, 5'7", kind, many interests in town/country, but lonely inside after divorce, seeks female friend to reawaken enormous capacity for life. Herts/N. London. Box 11152.

SEMI-RETIRED, supportive businessman/philosopher, 40ish, Sean Conneryish, seeks attractive, intelligent, slim, sexy young lady (student?) for mutual indulgence? Christmas in tropics? Suggestions? Photo, phone please. Box 11252.

SLIGHTLY TIMID, but contradictory woman, mid-30s, set on breaking "my brilliant career" syndrome (waste of warmth and humour) wants to meet warm and humorous man without ties. Scotland for meetings/round the world for correspondence. Box 11352.

OIL EXECUTIVE, 29, (non petrol pump attendant) seeks elegant, witty, non-smoker, non-divorced, non-psychologically disturbed, non-German, non-male woman in her twenties, with charm, consideration and a nice character. Saddamess Husseins need not apply. Accurate scale model guarantees reply, but photo will do. Box 11452.

TWO DUSKY ladies seek rich, suave, entrepreneurs for jetset, champagne frolics. Photos please. Box 11552.

HANDSOME, slim, virile married businessman (42), cultured, sensitive and considerate, seeks attractive, adventurous, sensuous lady for discreet and mutually satisfying affair. Yorkshire and London. Box 11652.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, intelligent, witty, 35, seeks pretty marriedish lady for entertaining lunchtimes. South East. Box 11752.

TALL, unpretentious, altruistic, peccable man, 41, seeks interesting feminist? Friend/lover, age unimportant. Sheffieldish. Box 11852.

LONDON LADY with disinterested husband wishes to meet gentleman (40 ish) in similar situation to share enjoyable times. Box 11952.

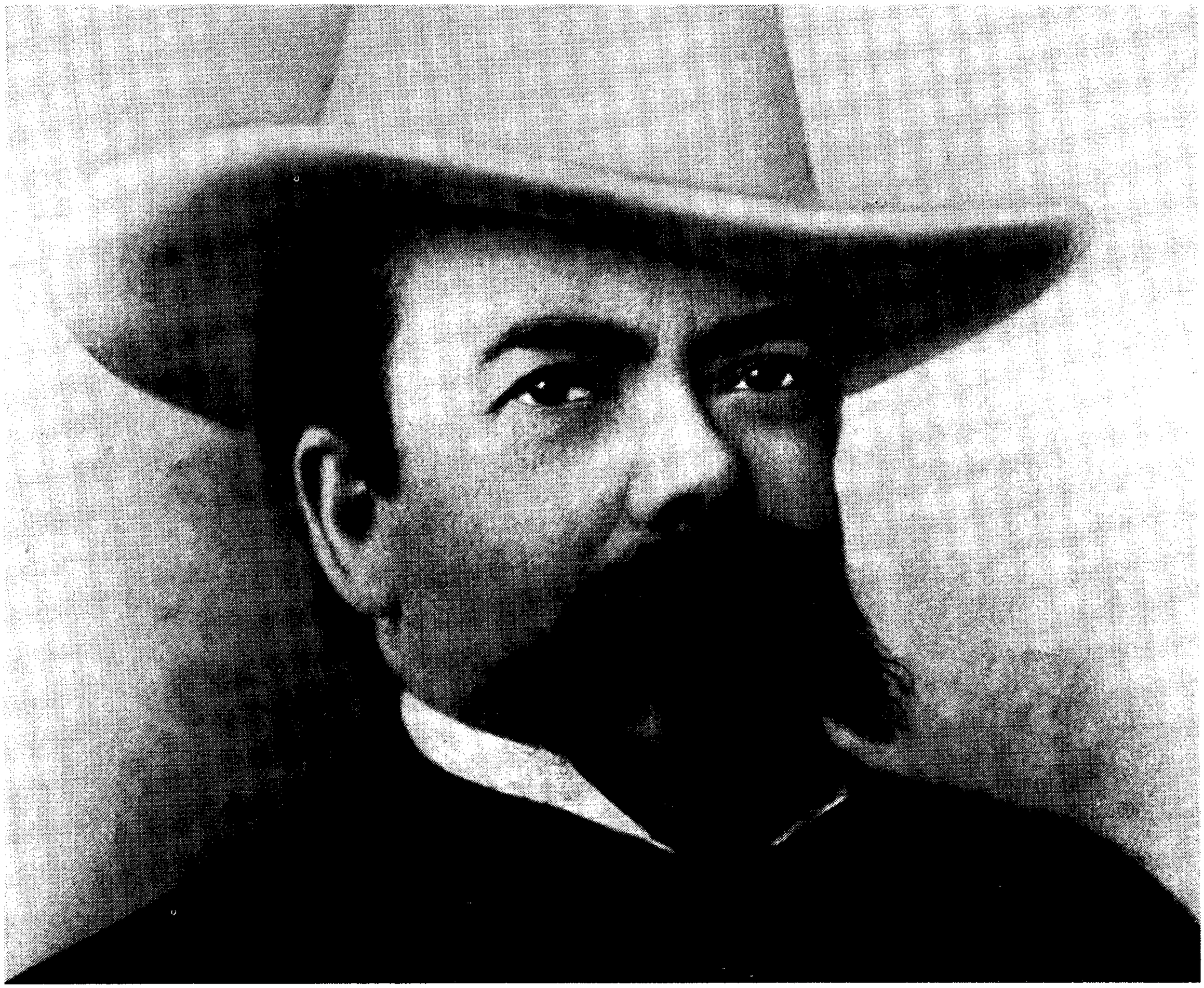
FUN LOVING, 33 year old boy unhappily married seeks suspender clad, attractive female for discreet afternoons/evenings for steaming passion. N. Midlands/Yorks. Photo please. Box 12852.

SINGLE MALE, 26, slim and attractive but sexually inexperienced due to recently overcome shyness seeks lady friend for sexual initiation. Age/looks unimportant. Manchester area. A.L.A. Box 12252.

TENNIS PLAYING bookworm, lady born in a year of the dog (Chinese style 20) seeks discerning male to sparkle up the nineties. Box 12352.

ROMANTIC, very attractive, intelligent and successful businessman of med. origins, 39, seeks pretty, slim, humorous, stylish, loyal, intelligent and well-educated young woman, 20-35 for lasting and meaningful relationship. Photo, letter guarantees reply. Box 12452.

SINCERE, lively, humorous, affectionate lady (49) living in West London, seeks gentleman soulmate, 50-60s to enrich single status. Box 12552.



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SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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b. Eddie Murphy
c. Senator Dan Quayle

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a. Donnie Wahlberg, New Kids On The Block
b. Jerry Garcia, Grateful Dead
c. Shaun Ryder, Happy Mondays

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